THE BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYER

BY

JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE," "THE LIFE OF DR. J. R. MILLER," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER BY

A VETERAN PASTOR

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TO MY WIFE

FOREWORD

We know that every prayer made in the name of Jesus is heard and answered, for we have Christ's word. He said: "Ask, and it shall be given you;" "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Many times God in his wisdom delays the answer, and many times he gives the answer in a most unexpected way. But always God answers prayer.

In gathering the incidents collected in this volume it has been the purpose to exclude any that have appeared in encyclopedias of illustration. Many of the incidents told have been drawn from the personal experience of friends, and from biographies. Use has been made of newspaper narratives only when these have not become well known, and when it was possible to be sure of the reliability of the witnesses.

Grateful acknowledgment is given to "A Veteran Pastor," whose paper on "Prayer as a Solvent of Difficulties" is used as an introductory chapter, as well as to those who have given permission to make use of material furnished by them. Frequently their material has been used without credit, in accordance with the request of the narrators.

J. T. F.

Philadelphia, July, 1914.

"I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know that he has given his word,
Which tells me prayer is always heard,
And will be answered soon or late;
And so I pray and calmly wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought:
But leave my prayers with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own,
Assured that he will grant my quest
Or send some answer far more blest."

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PRAYER AS A SOLVENT OF DIFFICULTIES

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER BY A VETERAN PASTOR

PRAYER AS A SOLVENT OF DIFFICULTIES

FILL a glass with water. With care drop finely granulated sugar into this, grain by grain. The sugar disappears. It is dissolved and absorbed. The saccharine matter goes into invisible interstices between the drops. The glass does not overflow, so long as there remain any of these interstices unfilled. The grains lose their cutting edges, their angularities, their separate existence. They disappear. But they impart their quality and flavor to the water. The water has acted as a solvent. Water is only one of the many substances which act thus. These substances have their inherent power, each within its range and by its own process. Various forms of matter are endowed with this power. Much of human progress hinges on knowledge and use of solvents. There is a process running through all life by which thus men seize the hand of the Creator and wield a share of his power. We discover, one by one, the secret endowments which God bestowed here and there, and we avail ourselves of them. We learn God's ways, and then turn these to our own uses—and we become, so far, resistless.

Prayer is a solvent of difficulties. The divine hand made it inherently so. He made it so for our use and advantage. It is for us to avail ourselves of this provision. If we do this, difficulty disappears; it is ab-

sorbed; it becomes part of our successful work and life, adding flavor and value to both; but, considered as difficulty, as hardship, as an obstacle to efficiency and comfort, it simply ceases to exist. It has done its work, has become part of the fiber of our character and of the wholesome product of our toil; it has been assimilated, wrought into the fabric of the ages, converted into a lasting satisfaction, made an adjunct of power and a help toward our chosen ends. This is what difficulty is for. By prayer it finds its true place; we are delivered from its torture and are enriched by its substance.

What is prayer? A species of begging? A mere device for solving difficulties? A mechanical tool to be left unused until difficulty confronts us and drives us to ply the tool? As well say that water has no use save to dissolve sugar. But water is one of God's great gifts, widespread and almost omnipresent. It carries the world's commerce, it is said to be ninety per cent of vegetable growth, we bathe in it, we drink it, it is the chief factor in our daily sustenance, it composes most of the substance of our bodily frame. Its use as a solvent is merely incidental, though nobly and diversely so. So with prayer. He who reserves prayer for personal emergencies has not learned what prayer is. As well cease to drink water and reserve it to put out fires with.

Prayer is a fixed habit, a constant experience, the Christian's vital breath, the bulk of his life, the practice of fellowship with God, a normal, incessant and inevitable outflow of one's entire nature as a child of God. It involves praise, adoration, conference, intercession,

refreshment, serenity, joy, confident expectation, love, compassion for one's fellows, devotion to the Kingdom, forgetfulness of self in serving, tenderness of heart, the spirit and habit of lovingkindness, an abounding trust, a lively sense of the Heavenly Father's presence —and whatever else goes to make up the character and habit of Jesus Christ. Why? Because all true prayer is prayer in Jesus's name—and in Scripture "name" stands for character. We pray in proportion as we lead the Christian life; the one goes out with the other. We pray as we live—as devotees of, and as absorbed in, the great Enterprise. Selfishness disappears. Personal petition becomes a very minor factor; petition for purely personal ends is not thought of. We have difficulties to meet, but these stand related to God's ends, which we have made our own. They still have a personal tang, as did Christ's plea in Gethsemane; but our sense of personal ordeal melts into our sense of the needs of the Kingdom, and so our will is merged in God's will. When we really pray, God and we are thus far one, and victory is sure. John 17. 21, 22; 14. 13, 14.

Ponder the great classical instances of prayer: Abraham interceding for Sodom; Jacob at Jabbok; Hannah asking for a son; Samuel praying while the people went out to meet the Philistines; Elijah at Mount Carmel; Jesus in Gethsemane; Paul begging to be relieved of his thorn in the flesh. Each shows plain traces of fixed habit and easy intimacy with the Father; each had public ends chiefly in view; each one in praying yielded himself wholly to God; and each got what he needed rather than what he asked—what his inmost soul

wanted rather than what he said. When Abraham said Sodom he really meant Lot and his posterity—and he got just this. Jacob's vicious obduracy broke down finally as he prayed—and so he won over Esau and averted public as well as domestic catastrophe. Samuel's prayer was the culmination of twenty years of wholesome teaching, and was answered through the renewed character and courage of the Israelites thus achieved. Jesus in Gethsemane won the great victory for mankind—but the victory began to appear at Pentecost rather than at Calvary. Paul became, next to Christ, the master of the modern world, yet not by losing his thorn as he hoped and prayed, but by gaining strength to bear it. And thus in each case a great emergency was met successfully through prayer: prayer became the solvent of difficulty.

How does this majestic result come about? Take the case of Moses at the burning bush. He said to God, "Who am I, that I should go to Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" "And he said, Certainly I will be with thee." Ah! Moses's difficulty was met and solved! "God with us" is the key to every trying situation. And prayer interweaves our lives with God. That is, true prayer, real prayer, does just this. The rest is easy.

Take the case of Jacob facing Esau, or of Joshua after Ai. In each case, wits were whetted, vision given them, the difficulty in its true nature was easily discerned, and just measures were at once taken to meet it. Prayer relaxes false tension, purges the heart, clarifies vision, fixes sight on central realities, enables one to see the crux of his problem, solidifies purpose,

intensifies energy, makes one's way winsome, increases personal impressiveness, heightens personality, begets assurance of resistless power through God's presence, makes us when necessary bow in safety to the blasts of adversity, and when proper hurls us out against obstacles with resistless might as from the catapult of God.

It is prayer in the large that prevails. This inevitably merges one's life with God's, absorbs his wisdom and energy as needed for each successive emergency, and makes us partners with the Almighty.

ONE
FOR DAILY NEEDS

I

HELP FROM LOOKING UP

A LUMBERMAN in Louisiana had traveled for hours under a scorching sun. His thirst was terrible. In vain he searched for water. Strength was failing. Despairing, he looked up and saw a ridge, crowned with pine trees, their tops bending toward a hollow beyond. He knew that this indicated water in the hollow. Soon he was cooling his parched lips. So, often, we are as slow as this lumberman to take advantage of the help to be gained from the upward look. In time of need we look for help from man, but cannot find it. We despair, and are ready to yield the battle. And what wonderful blessings we miss by our failure!

Somehow we have the idea that there are certain things of which we must not speak to God—the little concerns of everyday life, the petty worries and vexations that come to us in business or in the home. But these are the very things about which God wishes to have us talk to him. He is our Father, and he is just waiting to hear us tell him our needs.

Sometimes when Christians are persuaded to lay everything that concerns them before God in prayer—as Hezekiah did when he received the letter that troubled him, and, again, when he longed for a little longer time to rule his kingdom—their eyes are opened

to see what wonderful provision God has made for hearing prayer and in what wonderful ways he answers it.

A man of world-wide fame says that while pursuing investigations in the Astor Library, in New York, he used often to meet there Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph. Once he asked him this question: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?" "O, yes; more than once." "And at such times, what did you do next?" "I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

Those who follow Professor's Morse's example can testify to the reality of such answers to prayer as were recorded by a writer on prayer who said:

"Some years ago, at Springfield, Illinois, an earnest man gathered about him a praying band, and made a suggestion to them. 'When you reach home this evening write down the names of all the persons in Springfield whom you would like to have saved, and then pray for them by name, three times a day, that they may be saved. Then make your best possible efforts to induce those persons to turn to God for salvation.' There resided in Springfield at that time an invalid woman who, physically, was almost absolutely helpless. She had been bedridden for seventeen years. She had been for a long time praying to God in a general way to save a multitude of souls. When her

family told her of the suggestion made to the praying band, she said, 'Here is something I can do.' She could use her right hand. There was an adjustable writing-table at the side of the bed. She wrote down the names of fifty-seven acquaintances. She prayed for each of these by name, three times a day. She wrote them letters telling them of her interest in them. She also wrote to Christian friends, and urged them to speak to these persons about their souls' welfare. She had unquestioning faith in God. In time every one of those fifty-seven persons avowed faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour."

Do we wonder sometimes if God will really help us when we cry to him for ourselves or for others? Why do we wonder? Your physician will tell you that he is such a good sleeper that no noise of street cars, fire engines, or storms disturbs him. But let the door-bell ring, or the telephone call sound, and he is on his feet in an instant. His ears have been attuned to these calls from his suffering patients. Once a traveler entered the telegraph office at a small railway station. The operator was asleep in his chair. The noise made by the traveler's entrance did not wake him. The tattoo of his stick on the floor made no impression on the sleeper. A freight train swept by the station. Still he slept. The telegraph instruments were sounding constantly, but he was unconscious of his surroundings. Then suddenly he sprang from his chair, his fingers were placed on the key of the transmitter, and he was wide awake, attending to his duty. He had heard the call of the dispatcher—*his* call. The traveler had not detected a different note in the medley of sounds, but

the operator had recognized his call at once; his ears were attuned to it.

Yes, and God's ears are attuned to the call of every child of his. As surely as Jesus heard Bartimæus's plea for help above the tumult of those who tried to keep his voice from the ears of the Master, just so surely will God hear us when we call.

II

THE SUPPLIES GOD SENT

IN 1857, when Hudson Taylor was located at Ningpo, China, he nursed Rev. John Quatermain, of the Presbyterian Mission, U. S. A., who was suffering from smallpox. After the death of the patient, he was instructed to burn the clothing worn while nursing. But he had no change of clothing, and no funds to buy. He told God of the difficulty, and asked him for clothing. At once the answer came. Most unexpectedly a box of clothing arrived from Swatow, which had been lost in transit for sixteen months. No news of the shipment had been received during that period. "The arrival of the things just at this juncture was as appropriate as it was remarkable, and brought a sweet sense of the Father's own providing," Mr. Taylor wrote.

Two months later—on November 4—there was further need. Concerning this the missionary said[1]:

"That morning we supplied, as usual, a breakfast to the destitute poor, who came to the number of seventy. Sometimes they do not reach forty, at others exceeding eighty. They come to us every day, Lord's Day excepted, for then we cannot manage to attend to them and get through all our other duties too. Well, on that Saturday morning we paid all expenses, and provided ourselves for the morrow, after which we had not a single dollar left between us. How the Lord was

[1] In "A Retrospect."

going to provide for Monday we knew not; but over our mantel-piece hung two scrolls in the Chinese character—*Ebenezer,* 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us'; and *Jehovah-Jireh,* 'The Lord will provide'—and he kept us from doubting for a moment. That very day the mail came in, *a week sooner than was expected,* and Mr. Jones received a bill for two hundred and fourteen dollars. We thanked God and took courage. The bill was taken to a merchant, and although there is usually a delay of several days in getting the change, this time he said, 'Send down on Monday.' We sent, and though he had not been able to buy all the dollars, he let us have seventy on account; so all was well. O, it is sweet to live thus directly dependent upon the Lord, who never fails us!

"On Monday the poor had their breakfast as usual, for we had not told them not to come, being assured that it was the Lord's work, and that the Lord would provide. We could not help our eyes filling with tears of gratitude when we saw not only our own needs supplied, but the widow and the orphan, the blind and the lame, the friendless and the destitute, together provided for by the bounty of Him who feeds the ravens. 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his Name together. . . . Taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing'—and if not good, why want it?

"But even two hundred dollars cannot last forever, and by New Year's Day supplies were again getting

low. At last, on January 6, 1858, only one solitary cash remained—the twentieth part of a penny—in the joint possession of Mr. Jones and myself; but, though tried, we looked to God once again to manifest his gracious care. Enough provision was found in the house to supply a meager breakfast; after which, having neither food for the rest of the day, nor money to buy any, we could only betake ourselves to Him who was able to supply all our needs, with the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

"After prayer and deliberation we thought that perhaps we ought to dispose of something we possessed in order to meet our immediate requirements. But on looking round we saw nothing that we could well spare, and little that the Chinese would purchase for ready money. Credit to any extent we might have had, could we conscientiously have availed ourselves of it, but this we felt to be unscriptural in itself, as well as inconsistent with the position we were in. We had, indeed, one article—an iron stove—which we knew the Chinese would readily purchase; but we much regretted the necessity of parting with it. At length, however, we set out to the founder's, and after a walk of some distance came to the river, which we had intended to cross by a floating bridge of boats; but here the Lord shut up our path. The bridge had been carried away during the preceding night, and the river was only passable by means of a ferry, the fare for which was two cash each person. As we only possessed one cash, our course clearly was to return and await God's own interposition on our behalf.

"Upon reaching home, we found that Mrs. Jones

had gone with the children to dine at a friend's house, in accordance with an invitation accepted some days previously. Mr. Jones, though himself included in the invitation, refused now to go and leave me to fast alone. So we set to work and carefully searched the cupboards; and though there was nothing to eat, we found a small packet of cocoa, which, with a little hot water, somewhat revived us.

"We went to the study and gave ourselves to waiting upon God. We cried indeed unto the Lord in our trouble, and he heard—and delivered us out of all our distress.

"For while we were still on our knees, the cook came to the door. 'O Teacher! Teacher!' he exclaimed, 'here are letters!' Once again a mail had arrived from home several days before it was expected, bringing, as we found to our thankfulness, a generous gift. 'Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.' Who that ever trusted in him was put to shame?"

III

FOR THE CHILDREN OF INDIA

AMY WILSON-CARMICHAEL has given her life to the rescue and training of the little girls whose parents sell them to be "married" to the gods in the temple. The practice is against the law, yet it is still carried on. But hundreds of helpless children have been saved from lives of horror by God's blessing on the efforts of the women who have listened to the cry of the innocents.

In the volume[1] in which she tells the story of her work, Mrs. Carmichael says that "the story of the children is the story of answered prayer." Then she adds: "If any of us were tempted to doubt whether, after all, prayer is a genuine transaction, and answers to prayer no figment of the imagination, but something as real as the tangible things about us, we have only to look at some of our children. It would require more faith to believe that what we call the answer came by chance or by the action of some unintelligent combination of controlling influences, than to accept the statement in its simplicity—God heard: God answered."

In October, 1908, the women at the mission heard of a child that was to be devoted to the temple service. They knew no way to reach the father, so they did the only thing left to them; they prayed.

Two months later their prayer was answered, for the father came to them, on the invitation of an ac-

[1] "Lotus Buds."

quaintance, with the child in his arms. When he was asked to leave the child that it might be brought up in the home, he objected that it would be brought up without caste, and he said he could not consent. While they talked—the father and the women—the baby lay asleep. Finally he asked for her, and said he would take her away; death would be better than losing caste. But the women persuaded him to wait a while, as she was asleep, and they went away to pray. "Together we waited on God, whose touch turns hard rocks into standing water, and a flint stone into a springing well, beseeching him to deal with that father's heart, and make it melt and yield," the record in Lotus-Buds reads. "And as we waited it seemed as if an answer of peace were distinctly given to us, and we rose from our knees at rest. But just at that moment the father went to where the baby slept in her cradle, and he took her up and walked away in a white heat of wrath.

"The little one was in an exhausted condition, for she had not had suitable food for at least three days. It was the time of our land-winds, which are raw and cold to South Indian people; and it seemed that the answer of peace must mean peace after death of cold and starvation. It would soon be over, we knew; twenty-four hours, more or less, and those great wistful eyes would close, and the last cry would be heard. But even twenty-four hours seemed long to think of a child in distress, and her being so little did not make it easier to think of her dying like that. So on Sunday morning I shut myself up in my room, asking for quick relief for her, or—but it seemed almost asking too much—that she might be given back to us. And as I prayed,

a knock came at the door and a voice called joyously, 'O, Anna! Anna! Come! The father stands outside the church; he has brought the baby back!' "

"But the child was in a state of collapse. For days there was waged a bitter fight with death. At last it seemed that death had conquered, for the film formed over the eyes—after which none of the experienced women had ever seen recovery. But ever the friends began to pray with fresh vigor for the life of the child. Hours passed, then there was a change. Soon the child's strength returned, and she was given her place in the home.

"When the fight for the child's life was over, there was time to inquire what had brought the father back to the home. It was not fear of his baby's death—'What's the death of a babe?' he had said. He was not afraid of the law. After all persuasion had failed, we had tried threats: the thing he proposed to do was illegal. The collector would do justice. 'What do I care for your collector?' he had said. 'How can you prove anything against me?' Our pleadings had not touched him. 'Is she not my child?' he had said. But a Power with which he did not reckon had him in sight, and a Hand was laid upon him, and it bent him like a reed. God had heard: God had answered."

So many children came to the home that more caretakers were needed. Yet native helpers were difficult to find. One came at the sacrifice of her fortune. Even with her aid, the workers were almost at the end of their strength. "Send us help," they prayed, and each went on trying to do the work of three.

Now note the sequel: "It was one hot, tiring afternoon, when we longed to forget everything and rest for half an hour, but could not, because there was so much to do, that a bright, capable face appeared at the door of our room, and Annamai came in and said: 'God sent me. And so I have come.'"

Again the devoted worker tells how financial need was supplied:

"It was mail day. The mail as usual brought a pile of letters, and the top envelope contained a bill for foods ordered from England some weeks before. It came to more than I had expected, in spite of the kindness of several firms in giving a liberal discount. With the pile of letters before me, and the bill for food in my hand, I asked that enough might be found in those letters to pay for it. It did not occur to me at the moment that the prayer was rather illogical. I only knew that it would be comforting, and like a little word of peace, if such an assurance might even then come that we were not off the lines.

"Letter after letter was empty. Not empty of kindness, but quite empty of checks. The last envelope looked thin and not at all hopeful. Checks are usually inside reliable-looking covers. I opened it. There was nothing but a piece of unknown writing. But the writing was to ask if we happened to have a need which the sum named in the letter would meet. The sum exactly covered the bill for the foods. When the check eventually reached me, it was for more than the letter had mentioned, and covered all carriage and duty expenses, which were unknown to me at the time the

first letter came, and of course were not referred to in my reply. Thus almost visibly and audibly has the Lord, from whose hands we received this charge to keep, confirmed his word to us, strengthening us when we were weak, and comforting us when we were sad with that innermost sense of his tenderness which braces while it soothes."

IV

"GOD HAS PAID ME MY SALARY"

"I AM thoroughly convinced that, if a man has grace enough to preach and ask God day by day for his bread, he will never want."

This statement was made in 1904 by a man whose conviction was the result of experience. Leaving the seminary at twenty-eight, he began his ministry in western Pennsylvania in the ordinary way. But after thirteen years on salary he announced that he proposed to live on free-will offerings from his people. Boxes were placed in the church. The amount put into these was frequently quite small, and the minister had no money to waste. But he was a bachelor, and he managed very well. Sometimes the treasury was empty when needs were pressing. On one occasion he received word that his father was dying, and he was called to attend him. He had no money, but he was not dismayed. He told God that if he was to respond to the summons he must have five dollars within an hour. Then he made his preparations and set out for the station. On the way the five dollars was handed him by a parishioner.

One winter's day, when ice covered the roads, he left his horse at the blacksmith's to be sharp-shod. He promised the workman his pay when the job was completed; then he asked God to help him keep his word.

The answer came almost at once, in the shape of ten dollars from a friend.

"God has never severely tried me but once since I began this life of complete dependence on him," the minister said. "One Sunday, after morning service, I spent my last cent for dinner. It was the last meal I had until after morning service the next Sabbath. One apple was all I ate that entire week. I have always had an excellent constitution; so I was physically none the worse. It did me great good spiritually, however."

Nine years of this life prepared the worker for his next move. Longing to reach those who were deprived of gospel privileges, he went to the Black Hills of South Dakota, where he was the only Presbyterian minister in a section much larger than New England. Traveling here and there for five years, he preached to frontiersmen of all classes, and discontinued his work only when he had built a modest church and paid for it from his savings, and had opened up the country for a number of other ministers, who with him organized the Black Hills Presbytery. No salary was received for this work, nor was a single collection asked. Five dollars were the total cash receipts for the five years.

The pioneer was now fifty-five years of age, but he was as eager for new ventures as any young man. With a strong buckboard and a pair of hardy ponies he started on a tour which lasted five years, during which he covered thirteen thousand miles, and passed through the States of South Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, and Utah. He crossed the Rockies seven times, often leaving the beaten trails and making

his own way in the face of obstacles thought by others to be insurmountable. Wherever he could gather an audience he preached, sometimes as frequently as thirty times a month. Miners, ranchers, cowboys, and farmers were his hearers. He was welcomed to a number of Mormon churches in Idaho. He walked far up canyons and passes where his buggy could not be taken, and thus sometimes found whole families who had never attended a religious service in their lives.

Sometimes, wrapped in a tarpaulin, he slept on the ground, but usually he was welcomed to the crude shelters of the residents. Many times he spent the night with cattle thieves or outlaws on whose heads a price had been set, but they never offered him anything but kindness.

"It was marvelous the way God cared for me," he says. "I was never lost, and never in extreme danger. Once I crossed the Little Big Horn in flood-time, when a cowboy offered to steady my buggy with his lariat. He stood on the bank, and held me until I won the shore in safety. This is but one instance of the way I was helped on my long journey.

"Again and again I had definite answer to prayer. When I came to the end of my missionary tour, I found that the total cash expense for the five years was only four hundred dollars. I still had my ponies, too. Once they had strayed from me in Middle Park, Colorado, and, wandering into the mountains, were lost three months; but they were brought over the range to me by the finder."

"It has been a blessed life," he said, when in his seventieth year. "I do not deserve any credit for

working without salary. God has paid me my salary. He has supplied all my needs. When I was living on salary, I began to give a tenth to him, then I was able to make it a third; and later a half. Now that he has given me, most unexpectedly, a small property, I have resolved to give everything above my bare expenses. I can soon, in addition to my income, begin appropriating a portion of my capital, each year, to the Lord's service. It must all go back to him."

V

THE CRIPPLE WHOM GOD USED

A YOUNG Men's Christian Association secretary in India was praying for gifts from America to be used in the extension of his work. And another secretary in America was praying for a blessing on his efforts to raise money for an additional worker to be sent to the field.

Probably they would have smiled incredulously if they had been told that the person through whom God planned to answer their prayers was one of the poorest women in a little railroad town in Illinois.

Her name was Margaretta Moses. Margaretta had been a beautiful girl until the smallpox left its marks on her face. She never married, and she had a hard battle to make a living, especially when she became so crippled that she could not lift her right hand to her head.

Left an orphan, she moved to Roodhouse, Illinois, and bought a small house. In one poorly furnished room of this she lived, while the rest she rented.

She supported herself by baking bread and selling it among the villagers. For years the little woman, in her hood and calico dress, with her basket over her arm, was a familiar figure on the streets.

Everybody knew crippled Margaretta Moses. They knew that she always had a kind word and a cheery smile for those she met. They knew, too, that she made it a habit to speak to the wayward and careless,

and urge them to a more earnest life. But not many knew why she lived in a single room when she owned her own home.

Margaretta Moses denied herself that she, out of her poverty, might enjoy the luxury of helping others. One day the hooded figure entered the building of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association of Roodhouse. The secretary was out, but she left a few dollars with the message that she had heard new hymn books were needed by the young men.

Her interest in the work of the association led her to subscribe for periodicals which told of the work carried on among young men of other lands. She was especially attracted as she read of the success of a secretary in India. Every midnight, when she rose to set her sponge, she used to pray for him, remembering that he was then in the midst of his day's labor.

One day the mail brought to the International Committee of the Association a draft for twenty-five dollars, with a request from Margaretta Moses that the gift be used in the mission work for young men. Her name had never been heard at the office, and it was supposed she was a woman of means. So the next year a letter was sent her, asking a renewal of the offering. She replied that, as the former gift represented the savings of years, it would be impossible to duplicate it. However, she inclosed ten dollars. This was her all. When a traveling secretary learned this, he wrote at once, asking leave to return the gift. But the earnest woman urged him to use it in the work she loved.

The message reached the secretary in London as he

was about to call on a wealthy woman whom he hoped to interest in the association's work in China. For a time he was unable to arouse her enthusiasm. But in the course of his talk with her he told of the gift of the crippled bread-baker of Roodhouse. The eyes of his hostess kindled.

"What do you need for your next worker?" she asked.

"Twelve hundred dollars a year," the secretary replied.

"If Margaretta Moses, who lives by baking bread, can do what you have told me, surely I can give twelve hundred dollars," was the instant decision.

For some years this was her annual subscription, until finally she could not be content with so small a gift. She learned that a building was needed by an association in China, and subscribed fifteen thousand dollars for its erection.

The secretary says that he has told the story of Margaretta Moses in all parts of the world, and that many other gifts have been influenced by the story of her glad surrender of her all to her Master's service.

VI

SERVING A CITY'S POOR

IN 1869 Sophia Wright, a child of three in a New Orleans home, was crippled by a fall. For six years she was strapped to a chair. As she grew old enough to understand, she learned that she would always be a cripple.

But Sophia did not give up to gloomy thoughts. Even as a child she made up her mind to be helpful to other people; she did not know how she would do it, but she felt the way would be found.

When she was ten years old she began to go to school. For four years the smiling girl on crutches was a familiar sight on the New Orleans streets.

But the day came all too soon when she must go out into the world and make a place for herself. The poverty of the New Orleans school system turned her mind to the schoolroom, and she made the daring plan to open a school of her own.

Friends discouraged her, but she was determined. They knew she had no means. But she had the will to do, and she had God. She prayed for guidance and strength. Securing a few benches from an abandoned schoolhouse, she had them brought to her humble home. Then on a card attached to the door, she told the public that within was to be opened a "Day School for Girls."

On the opening day one girl appeared. By ones and

twos others joined the school, until there were twenty pupils, each of whom paid half a dollar a month.

Before long she realized that she could not continue to teach unless she increased her own knowledge. For a time her friends thought she would have to give up the struggle, but again she prayed, and once more she went forth in God's strength. This time she sought a normal school, and was able to arrange for night instruction in languages in return for her work as teacher of mathematics.

Gradually her school grew. When she was eighteen the need for larger quarters had become imperative. She learned of a chance to secure a suitable house for one hundred dollars a month. As before, friends discouraged her, saying that she dared not undertake this new burden. But her faith was in God, to whom she was praying for guidance and direction. So she borrowed money at twelve per cent per month, and moved her school.

One evening an acrobat who had been left behind by a circus which paid a visit to the city, sought her with the request that she prepare him during the evenings for a civil service examination he wished to take. He was accepted as a night pupil.

His coming enabled Miss Wright to think of a plan far more daring than any yet undertaken by her. She would have a night school, where the only condition of entrance would be that the pupil must be employed during the day time, and that he must be too poor to pay tuition. Again prayer gave her courage for the venture, and again her dependence on prayer was justified. Not only did she have the strength necessary for

the grave burden of guiding a monster night school, but the needed funds were forthcoming.

The growing night school made necessary a new building. This was found, but it could not be rented; it had to be bought, and the price was ten thousand dollars. She did not have the money, but she knew that if God wanted her to have it, he would see that she got it. So she prayed, borrowed the money, and bought the house.

The school was flourishing when the yellow fever scourge of 1897 came. Her pupils fled from the city, but she remained. Her schoolhouse was made a storehouse for supplies for the sufferers.

After the fever had abated, she began to gather her pupils together. They came—and so did the man who held the mortgage on the schoolhouse. She prayed, and a banker came to her relief with a new loan. Soon each of two wealthy men offered her two thousand dollars a year for her work. She needed all the help she could get, for soon she had fifteen hundred pupils in her free night school.

The work was so successful that the city decided to take over the night schools and support them by taxation.

Sophia Wright had been so used to helping others that she could not be idle. She thought of the crippled children of New Orleans, and she resolved that they must not suffer as she had. So she prayed for them—and raised ten thousand dollars for a Cripples' Annex to the New Orleans Home for Incurables.

From the people of New Orleans she received merited recognition. One year she was voted the lov-

ing cup given annually by a local newspaper to the person who has rendered the most conspicuous service during the year. At the same time the women of the city gave her ten thousand dollars to pay the mortgage on her home.

But she shook her head when the people praised her. She thought of her prayers, and of the answers, and she said: "It is of God."

TWO
IN THE HOME

VII

WHEN ALTAR FIRES BURNED BRIGHT

WHILE we are told that we are not to say that the former days were better than these, it is impossible to blind ourselves to the fact that, while some changes have been made for the better, there are others which have been retrograde movements. One of these is the failure of so many sons and daughters to set up in their own homes the family altar on which the fire was never allowed to go out in the homes of their parents. The good old custom of family worship, still observed in many Christian homes, is neglected in many others because of the pressure of the day's duties, reluctance of the parents to pray before the members of the family, or for other reasons which are given with great fluency when the pastor or some other friend speaks of the great gain that has come to homes through the faithful maintenance of family worship, and urges that the same blessings are waiting for all those who honor God by seeking his blessing on the members of the household.

A city pastor, when speaking of the subject to his people, told of a home he had been privileged to visit where a prized relic is an old-fashioned chair in which, nearly seventy years ago, a brother and sister used to sit twice each day when a chapter from the Bible was read by their father, and at which they always knelt,

side by side, when the priest of the household addressed the throne of grace in behalf of his loved ones, and pleaded that the boy and the girl who knelt with them might be useful in the world. When the pastor told of these days of prayer the boy who sat in the chair was a missionary in the Orient, where he had labored for half a century, while the sister who sat with him and knelt with him was an honored Christian worker in the homeland.

In the boyhood home of a Philadelphia business man God was honored. That man's earliest recollections cluster about the family altar, where, no matter what the weather or the pressure of work on the farm, all the "help" were expected to be present. Neither late rising nor the prospect of a busy day was permitted to shorten the time usually devoted to Scripture reading, singing, and prayer. It was the custom for all to read in turn. The father's prayers were earnest and impressive; he knew that he was speaking to One who loved him.

Years later the son told this incident of the early years on the farm, which, interpreted in connection with those prayers at the family altar, made a lasting impression on his mind:

"Father needed a few hundred dollars to pay a note. He was worried because he did not know where to turn for it. One morning he came to the breakfast table his old cheerful self. At prayers he thanked God for renewed blessings. I was surprised. I felt sure nothing had happened to show him how to meet that note. A little later, when we were alone, I asked him for an explanation. He told me the note would be

taken care of; he didn't know just how, but he was sure a way would appear. We were in the cornfield; he was a little ahead of me. A few minutes later, when I came back to the end of my row, I saw him speaking to a neighbor. I turned back and left him there. When he caught up with me, he said the note was provided for. The neighbor, who was passing on the road just as father came to the end of the row, had agreed to lend him the money. All the morning I thought of this. The corn was so high that it would have been impossible for father to see the passing neighbor except at the moment of reaching the end of the row. My heart was filled with awe as I thought how God, in answer to father's believing prayer, had planned the exact moment for the meeting of the two men."

Another Philadelphia business man gave a glimpse into his own home, when he told of his six-year-old son, who had been given twenty-five cents. What plans he made for spending it! How many toys he expected to buy with that precious quarter! The day of the triumphal trip to the department store, where the purchases were to be made, was drawing near, and the boy's joy was very great as he looked forward to the wonderful riches in store, when, at family prayers, the father prayed for the children in China who had never heard of the Saviour's love, and that those who worshiped at that altar might be able to do something for them. As the members of the family arose from their knees the lad ran from the room. In a moment he was back again, holding something in his hand. "Here, father," he said, as he laid his treasured quarter in his father's hand, "use it for those poor children in China."

"No, you do not need to ask me if the family altar is a blessing in our home," that happy father said. "I wouldn't dare pass a day without gathering my wife and children about me to read the Word and pray to him without whose blessing a home is only an empty name."

VIII

UNITED

THE following incident occurred in a union meeting conducted by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., at Belleville, Ill. The account was written by the attorney mentioned in the narrative, at the request of Dr. Wharton.

"In a certain town of Illinois there lived a family composed of a husband, wife, and two children. The wife had been reared a Methodist, while the husband in his earlier years had attended the Catholic church, but in his latter years had drifted away from his mother church and really attended none. Having taken a liking to a minister in the Presbyterian church, he compromised the matter with his wife by attending that church.

"While to all outward appearances the family were happy and harmonious, to those who had an inner view their lives presented anything but harmony. For some months the discord had been growing, and it reached its culmination during a period of special meetings held in the city by Dr. Wharton. It was at the close of the first week of these meetings that the clash came and the parties determined upon a separation.

"They had a home which they were paying for in the building association; and the only question left, seemingly, for determination was the question as to the disposition of the property. It was at this period that

an attorney who was interested in the work of the meetings, and who knew the family well, was consulted by a relative of these parties concerning the legal phases of the separation; and an appointment was made for the Monday following to consummate the matter.

"He advised the relative that things had better be kept as they were and the matter be taken up in prayer, as it seemed a cruel thing to separate these parents, both of whom were so warmly attached to their children; that perhaps the meetings now in progress might be the means of reaching the husband and changing the whole phase of the matter.

"The reply was, that nothing short of a miracle could bring this about. But an agreement was made that the matter should be made a subject of special prayer.

"On Sunday afternoon the men's meeting was held, and the father with his little boy attended. The sight of the two coming into the hall deepened the impression on the mind and heart of the attorney that the love of God would be a better source of the disentanglement than the courts of law. The man was deeply affected during the meeting—visibly so—and stood up in response to the request that those who were out of the church, and would serve Jesus, should rise. Upon his return home he stated that he would go to the meeting again that night; and husband and wife both attended, but sat apart.

"Among the first who stood up in this meeting was the husband. As soon as the proper period arrived, the attorney went to him and offered him a card for signature, and he signed it. Then, wending his way through the crowd, he sought out the man's wife, and,

taking her to her husband, placed her hand in his, and bade them both unite in Christ. Before the meeting was out another opportunity was given to speak to the man, and a promise was secured that the two would have a season of prayer when they reached their home.

"The next day, meeting the relative who had come to him in the first place, the attorney asked what was the outcome, and the answer was given: 'It was miraculous. He was completely broken up when he reached home—got down upon his knees and prayed.' It was learned later that his little girl, when she saw her father upon his knees, clapped her hands, rejoicing, and said, 'Good, good! Now papa will go to heaven, won't he?'

"The next afternoon at the afternoon meeting, while testimonies were being given, the wife, who was present, arose and simply said, 'I have learned that a little talk with Jesus makes it all right.'

"The husband, who in anticipation of the family separation had already given up his employment, had returned to work. He attended the evening meeting, and in response to the question as to how he had gotten along, stated, 'All right; I am all right.' His face beamed with a new-found joy.

"As for the rest of the family, strong Christians though they are, they declared this result to be beyond all expectation; that it was simply a miracle."

IX

IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE

IN 1813 William Johnson, a laboring man in London, was almost destitute. He was ill-clad and half starved. "His wife was in bed, weak and weeping for hunger, and this doubled his distress. He cast himself on the bed and tossed in agony from side to side, feeling utterly friendless and forsaken, and not knowing how to get relief.[1]

"He had been taught, when a child of eight years by his schoolmaster, to repeat on Monday morning something of the sermon he had heard the day before; and a text which had thus long been fixed in his memory now recurred to his mind:

> "Call upon me in the day of trouble;
> I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

"That promise had obtained its peculiar footing in his mind in a somewhat curious way. When he repeated it to his schoolmaster he was rebuked because all he could recall was a verse of Scripture. And now, after seventen years, it came forcibly to his mind. 'Call upon me!' 'Surely,' he said, 'this is a day of trouble. Will he deliver me—me, who have seemed so against him? And now may I indeed call upon God to deliver me?' As though the great white throne were

[1] Told by A. T. Pierson, in "Seven Years in Sierra Leone."

set up and the books were opened, he seemed to read the dark record of his sin. He was in despair. No prospect here but want and woe, and no prospect beyond but a meeting with God.

"The next morning he went to work at the distillery, where he received the meager pittance of eighteen shillings a week; and, as he afterward confessed, he went with the feelings of a madman. When breakfast hour came, and the other workmen left for home, he did the same, not expecting a meal, but only because to stay there would cause suspicion.

"His wife met him at the door, smiling, and led him to an ample morning meal. Judge his astonishment to learn that a lady from India, who had taken a house nearby, had applied to his wife for some one to stay with her, and had given her four shillings, bidding her put her house in order, and promising her further payments for her service.

"The hungry man was amazed at the goodness of God, who had granted so merciful a deliverance; but his load of sin seemed only heavier and he tried to pray, but seemed only to be adding sin to sin. In a vague hope of finding help in his despairing state, he went on the Friday following to a prayer meeting. There a Moravian missionary told of Jesus and his love for sinners. Johnson felt that the message was for him, and he cried to Jesus for mercy."

His joy was tempered only by the knowledge that his wife was not a Christian. But one evening at church he heard the minister say that if we continue to pray for any particular blessing, in faith, it will surely be granted. Thus encouraged, he prayed for

his wife, and in a little while she took a place with him at the communion table.

Before long he heard the call for missionaries and decided that God wanted him to offer himself. He told his wife his purpose, and asked her to go with him. But she said she preferred to remain at home, although she would not interfere with him if he wished to go.

Again he made definite request for what he desired, and again his desire was given to him. A few days only passed until his wife sought him and told him she was as eager to go to Africa as he was.

Thus the way was opened for the beginning of William Johnson's seven marvelous years in Sierra Leone, the history of which is recorded among the miracles of missions.

X

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED

BISHOP SIMPSON[1] said: "Trained religiously, I reached a young man's years before making a public profession of religion. Occasionally, prior to my conversion, thoughts of the ministry sometimes flashed across my mind; but it was only a flash.

"After my conversion I was earnest for the welfare of others, and wanted to promote the interests of the church and of humanity. The conviction grew upon me that I must preach; yet I tried to put that away, because I feared I could never succeed. I saw the greatness of the work, and the reproachful poverty connected then with the itinerant ministry. One difficulty in my way was that I had no gift of speech. My voice was poor, and in school I always shunned declamation. I firmly believed I could never make a speaker; and so chose the profession of medicine, which I studied three years in a professional school. I think I should have resolutely rejected the idea of the ministry, except that it seemed inseparably connected with my salvation. I fasted, I prayed for divine direction; but I found no rest, until, in reading the Bible one day, I found a passage which seemed specially written for me: 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart; lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' I

[1] In his "Yale Lectures on Preaching."

accepted it, and resolved to do whatever God in his providence should indicate by opening the way.

"I never lisped to a friend the slightest intimation of my mental agony; but I took a more earnest part in the church services. One Sabbath I felt a strong impression that I ought to speak to the people at night in prayer-meeting, as we had no preaching. I said to myself, 'How shall I? For my friends will say I am foolish, as they know I cannot speak with interest.'

"Especially I dreaded a certain old uncle, who had been a father to me and superintended my education. While I was discussing this matter with myself in the afternoon my uncle came into the room, and after a moment's hesitation, said to me, 'Don't you think you could speak to the people to-night?' I was surprised and startled. I asked him if he thought I ought. He said, 'Yes, I think you can do good.'

"That night, for some strange reason, the house was crowded, and I made my first religious address to a public congregation. It was not written. It was not very well premeditated. It was simply an earnest outgushing of a sincere and honest heart.

"My mother was a widow. I was her eldest son, and the only child remaining at home. I feared it would break her heart to leave her, and feared it would be impossible to do so. One day, after great embarrassment, I was induced to speak to my mother on the subject of my mental struggles, and tell her what I thought God required of me. I never shall forget how she turned to me with a smile, and said: 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born!'

"She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that, if it were his will, I might become a minister. And yet that mother had never dropped a word of intimation in my ear that she ever desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in the divine call that she would not bias my youthful mind with even a suggestion of it in prayer.

"That conversation settled my mind. Oh, what a blessing is a sainted mother! To-day I can feel her hands on my head, and I hear the intonation of her voice in prayer."

XI

WHILE SHE PRAYED

BEFORE the birth of J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor united in prayer that God would give them a son, and that this son might be a missionary to China.

The son was given to them, but for many years it seemed to the parents that they must give up the second part of their dream. Not only was the health of the lad so delicate that a missionary life seemed out of the question for him, but he was not even a Christian. For a time, after coming in touch with skeptics and infidels, he thought of himself as a skeptic.

Then came an event of which Mr. Taylor, the son, wrote fully when he told the story of his life:

"On a day which I shall never forget, when I was about fifteen years of age, my dear mother being absent from home, I had a birthday, and in the afternoon looked through my father's library to find some book with which to while away the unoccupied hours. Nothing attracting me, I turned over a little basket of pamphlets, and selected from among them a gospel tract which looked interesting, saying to myself, 'There will be a story at the commencement and a sermon or a moral at the close: I will take the former and leave the latter for those who like it.'

"I sat down to read the little book in an utterly unconcerned state of mind, believing, indeed, at the

time that if there was any salvation it was not for me, and with a distinct intention to put away the tract as soon as it should become prosy.

"Little did I know at the time what was going on in the heart of my mother, seventy or eighty miles away. She rose from the dinner table that afternoon with an intense yearning for the conversion of her boy, and feeling that—absent from home, and having more leisure than she could otherwise secure—a special opportunity was afforded her of pleading with God on my behalf. She went to her room and turned the key in the door, resolved not to leave that spot until her prayers were answered. Hour after hour did that poor mother plead for me, until at length she could pray no longer, but was constrained to praise God for that which his Spirit taught her had already been accomplished—the conversion of her only son."

In the meantime the son was reading the tract. He was struck with the phrase, "the finished work of Christ." He continues the story:

"The thought passed through my mind, 'Why does the author use this expression? Why not say the atoning or propitiating work of Christ?' Immediately the words, 'It is finished,' suggested themselves to my mind. What was finished? And I at once replied, 'A full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin; the debt was paid by the Substitute; Christ died for our sin, and not ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' Then came the thought, 'If the whole work was finished and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?' And with this dawned the joyful conviction, as light was flashed into my soul by

the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one's knees and, accepting this Saviour and his salvation, to praise him evermore. Thus while my mother was praising God on her knees in her chamber, I was praising him in the old warehouse to which I had gone alone to read at my leisure this little book.

"Several days elapsed ere I ventured to make my sister the confidante of my joy, and then only after she had promised not to tell any one of my soul secret. When our mother came home a fortnight later, I was the first to meet her at the door, and to tell her I had such glad news to tell her. I can almost feel her arms around my neck, as she pressed me to her bosom and said, 'I know, my boy; I have been rejoicing for a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell me.' 'Why,' I asked in surprise, 'has Amelia broken her promise? She said she would tell no one.' My mother assured me that it was not from any human source that she had learned the tidings, and went on to tell the little incident mentioned above.

"Nor was this all. Some little time after, I picked up a pocketbook, exactly like one of my own, and thinking that it was mine, opened it. The lines that caught my eye were an entry in the little diary, which belonged to my sister, to the effect that she would give herself to daily prayer until God should answer in the conversion of her brother. Exactly a month later the Lord was pleased to turn me from darkness to light.

"Brought up in such a circle and saved under such circumstances, it was perhaps natural that from the commencement of my Christian life I was led to feel

that the promises were very real, and that prayer was in sober matter of fact transacting business with God, whether on one's own behalf or on behalf of those for whom one sought his blessing."

Not many months later it was evident that the second part of the petition made by the believing parents before the birth of their son was to be granted. On a leisure afternoon, in his own room, Hudson Taylor prayed that he might be given some work to do for God, as an outlet for love and gratitude. "For what service I was accepted, I knew not," he has written; "but a deep consciousness that I was no longer my own took possession of me, which has never since been effaced. . . . Within a few months of this time of consecration the impression was wrought into my soul that it was in China the Lord wanted me."

XII

THE PRAYER OF A CHILD

IN "The Record of a Happy Life," Hannah Whitall Smith has written of some of the prayers of her son Frank.

Before he was seven years old, he had formed the habit of going to Jesus with all his childish needs and childish troubles. "His confidence in prayer often annoyed us," she said. "I remember very well one occasion when he was about seven years old. Frank had spent his little stock of money for a certain kind of toys which were all the fashion among the boys at that time; and I felt as if a due sense of economy and propriety forbade his having any more. So, as I handed him the last of the toys, I said, 'Frank, this is all, remember. When this is gone, thee cannot have any more.' He made no reply, and I thought the matter was ended. Shortly after I went up the main street to do some errands, and on my way home passed a store where these toys were for sale. I noticed them at first, without any thought of Frank, but after having passed by some distance, I began to feel as if I must go back and buy the little fellow some more. The feeling increased so much, and made me so uncomfortable, that at last I walked back several squares, and made the purchase. When I reached home, Frank came running to meet me, and said, in the most confident little way possible, 'Well, mamma, where are my

toys?' 'Why, Frank,' said I, quite surprised, 'don't thee remember that I told thee, thee could not have any more?' 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'but then I asked Jesus to tell thee to bring me some, and I know thee has got them.'

"A little later Frank was dangerously sick with the measles, and was utterly unable to retain a drop of water on his stomach, yet he was consumed with thirst. One evening, after a day of great suffering, he said to me at nightfall, 'Mamma, I want thee to come here and pray that I may go to sleep, and sleep sound all night, and wake up to-morrow morning with my stomach well, so that I can drink.' I rather hesitated, feeling that there was no hope of his prayer being answered, but was at once checked for my want of faith, and said, 'I will, Frank, if thee has faith. Can thee believe that God will do it?' 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'I am sure he will; so just pray.' I accordingly kneeled beside his bed, and asked for the things he wanted. He then fixed himself for sleep, and said, 'Now, mamma, tell Ellen to get up early in the morning and go down to Mr. Thompson's spring, and bring up a big pitcher of water, and set it by my door with two tumblers, so as to be all ready when I wake up.' And then he quickly went off to sleep. I obeyed his injunction to the letter, feeling thoroughly stirred up by the child's faith, and yet so doubtful as to the result that I resolved in myself never to mention the subject of water again until he did. Need I say, however, that according to his faith it was unto him? Frank slept delightfully, waked up at daylight, and called for his water. It was all waiting for him just as he had ordered, and he sat up in bed and

drank two full tumblers with the most intense enjoyment; and not an uncomfortable feeling followed."

That Frank's faith in prayer persisted appears from an extract from a letter written at the age of sixteen, when he was at Haverford College:

"How we can carry Christ into everything, can't we?" he said. "Yesterday I was being examined in geometry, and I found there was one question that I could not answer. So I prayed that it might be shown to me, and then left it, and went on answering the others. When I had finished them, I came back, and studied over that question, and just fifteen minutes before the time for handing in the answers, I found out how to do it. Without help I do not think I could have done it."

XIII

THE LOST FOUND

THE Women's Foreign Missionary Society of an Illinois church had been packing a box full of winter comforts for a frontier home missionary. They had spent all the funds raised for the box before the transportation bill was thought of. When inquiry was made, it was learned that the charge would be so large that it would be impossible to send the box by express, and that, while freight rates were much less, it was not certain that, if the slower method of transportation were chosen, the winter comforts would reach the isolated address until the winter was nearly over.

For half an hour the members of the society talked of their difficulty, but were compelled to adjourn without finding the solution. Before they went to their homes they prayed that the way out might appear.

That evening one woman, in the presence of her husband, spoke of the anxiety of the society. "I think I can help you," he said. "When I tell your wants to a friend in the head office of the express company, I believe he will send me a frank which will give you free transportation for your box."

The case was presented, and the frank was forwarded. Gratefully the wife received it from her husband. Her eyes sparkled as she thought of the joy of the society when she told of the gift.

That evening she went to the home of her pastor to show the little sticker which was to be attached to the box, in lieu of payment of the charges. She told her story, and felt in her pocketbook for the precious bit of paper.

"I've lost it!" she cried, in dismay. "And I haven't the slightest idea where to look for it."

"Suppose we pray about it," the suggestion was made to her.

After the prayer, and just as she was going out of the door, she explained, in answer to a question: "It was about three times the size of a postage stamp—perforated like a stamp."

Seated in the room was a boy who had been so busy studying his lessons that he had heard nothing of the conversation. But the words "perforated just like a stamp," attracted his attention.

"What was just like a stamp?" he asked.

"The express frank for the missionary box," the mother explained. "It is lost."

"I know where it is!" the boy said, at once. "Mother, may I go get it? I had no idea what it was I found to-day, and I didn't keep it. But I think I can get hold of it again."

Then he explained that when on his way to school that afternoon he saw, as he thought, three stamps, fastened together, lying mucilage side up on the walk. He picked up the bit of paper, but when he noted that he did not hold postage stamps in his hand, he was about to destroy the sticker, thinking it only a patent medicine advertisement. Then the sight of the mucilage made him think of sticking it to the fence instead.

"I can go right to the spot," he said. "I think it will be on the fence yet."

So with a lantern he hurried half a mile to the place on the main street of the village where—eight hours before—he had picked up the sticker. To his surprise the important document was not there. He was about to return home disappointed when he stopped to poke among the fallen leaves between the plank walk and the fence. There the frank was found.

Next day the box was on its way to the frontier home of the missionary.

XIV

THE PROVISION GOD MADE

IN a home where the income was sufficient only for ordinary expenses, with a small margin for emergencies, there came a time of extraordinary need. The father and mother and one of the children were sick at the same time, and the services of two nurses and two physicians were required.

For weeks the mother was too sick to think of the expense bill that was mounting so rapidly. Then, with a break in her fever, came realization and worry. How were the bills to be met? Would one result of the sickness be financial stringency in that home for some time to come?

Naturally worry brought on the mother's fever once more. The physician was puzzled. Day after day he read the thermometer hopefully, then shook his head. Finally he spoke of his problem to the husband, who for a few days had been able to leave his bed.

"Something is on her mind," he said. "I wonder if you can learn what it is? I fear that until the burden is lifted the fever will remain."

"I have been troubled about the bills for the nurses, the physicians, and the medicines," the patient said in response to her husband's inquiry.

"You must not worry about them," was the reply. "Everything will be all right. Just put the matter out of your mind."

But he knew that was easier said than done. He must be able to tell her something that would ease her mind. Yet what more could he say?

He did not know how to solve the problem, so asked God to guide him.

Then he went for his first walk since the beginning of his sickness. Before returning home he stopped at the post office.

There was one letter only waiting for him. This was opened with some curiosity, for, while the envelope bore the card of a manufacturer in a distant city with whom he had had some dealings, he felt that this was no ordinary communication.

As he read the inclosure, his heart was lifted in gratitude to God, for it told him of the manufacturer's desire that he should perform at once a careful piece of work, for which a specified sum would be paid immediately on the completion of the task. While it was work of a kind he had never attempted, he not only felt confident that he could do it, but that he would be able to do it during the days of his convalescence, before he returned to his regular employment.

Hurrying home, he told the news to his wife. Next day the physician was gratified to note a substantial reduction in temperature.

Five days later, when the assigned task was completed by the husband, the fever had disappeared entirely.

And when the check for the amount agreed on was sent by the distant manufacturer, it was found to be sufficient to pay all but one dollar of the extraordinary expenses of the weeks of illness!

XV

BE ANXIOUS FOR NOTHING

A VISITOR in a pastor's study had been talking with him for an hour when there was a call at the telephone. The pastor excused himself while he talked to his family physician. From the half of the conversation which the visitor could hear it was evident that the minister's son was seriously ill.

When the receiver was hung up, the visitor began to apologize for his intrusion at such an anxious time. But the father begged him to sit still.

"Of course I'm concerned," the father said, "but I am not anxious. I have learned to depend on the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Why, then, should I be anxious?

"If you are interested," he added, thoughtfully, "I would like to tell you of several events in my life which show how God answers prayer in the most unexpected ways.

"My father was born in England. He had told me of his relatives there, but he had heard nothing from any of them for many years. When he died I found in his papers a list of their names and addresses. I wrote to each address, but all the letters came back bearing the legend 'Not found.'

"Twenty years later I was turning over family

papers when I saw once more the list of addresses. I was prompted to make another attempt to get in communication with my relatives. At random I selected the name of Henry Eaton, and wrote to him. As I mailed the letter I followed it with a prayer that it might reach its destination.

"Later I learned that the London postal officials made many efforts to find my uncle to whom the letter was addressed. Their efforts were in vain. One day two postmen met on a thronged street, near the London General Post Office. One held up a letter and said, 'Looks as if Henry Eaton will have to go to the Dead Letter Office.'

"A pedestrian overhearing the words, exclaimed in surprise: 'I am Henry Eaton. Perhaps the letter is mine.'

"When he explained, that twenty-two years before, he had moved from the address given on the envelope, the letter was handed to him. He wrote to me. After so long a time I was in touch with my people. My prayer had been answered.

"The second story also has to do with my relatives in England. Long time I had desired to cross the water and see them. The opportunity did not come for many years. Finally I went to London so unexpectedly that I had no chance to apprise them of my coming. I reached the city on Saturday evening. On Sunday I was to preach at Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Some time the next week I thought I would have leisure to make the first call—on an aunt who lived in the city.

"But on Sunday, as I prayed about the relatives

whom I had long wished to see, I felt that I should go at once to the home of the aunt. So I went to the house named in her last letter. I knocked—but was greeted with the information that my aunt had moved, and that no one knew where she had gone. After a search that seemed hopeless I learned her new address. On arriving there I was told she had gone to some hospital. No one could tell me the name of the institution or the address of her husband, who was thought to be 'somewhere in the country.' From a policeman I secured a list of hospitals where she might be. I could see he thought my search was hopeless, yet I went on. At the third hospital visited, a porter told me she had been there, but that she had gone. 'Died this morning,' he said.

"From the superintendent I learned that her death was most unexpected, and that he was troubled. The husband had been making visits at intervals of a week or two. He had been there the day before, but had left no address. Nothing was known of her people. In accordance with the rules of the hospital, the funeral would be delayed three days; if at the end of that time there was no word from the family the burial would be at public expense.

"Assuring him that I would be responsible for all expenses, I returned to my hotel. That evening I filled my engagement. Next day I found another aunt in Essex who did not know of her sister's illness. Through her I was able to find the missing husband.

"Who says it was an accident that I was in England just at that time, that I decided to call on my aunt sooner than I had intended, and that I was able to find

her so promptly when everything seemed against me? I say that it was all a definite answer to prayer.

"Now for the third story. Some years ago I was pastor in an interior city in New York State when a Saturday snowstorm of unusual proportions tied up traffic. I was disappointed as I thought of the Sunday service; I felt sure there would be a slim attendance. But I prayed for a blessing on that service, and then began to think of ways to make the service a blessing.

"Realizing that many traveling men were kept in town over Sunday, on Sunday afternoon I made the round of the hotels and invited them to attend service that evening. Instead of the expected slim audience, the house was full, the body of the church being occupied by one hundred and thirty-five traveling men who marched to the church in a body, in spite of the deep snow.

"The Monday morning papers featured two stories on the front page: the snowstorm, and the presence of the traveling men at church. Many copies of the papers were bought by residents who desired to send them to friends. As appeared later, at least one copy was sent to London, probably by some one who wished to show how it can snow in America.

"A little more than a week later an anxious father was walking along a London street. A few days earlier, his son—a rather wild lad—had sailed for New York, in response to the invitation of some land speculators who offered him what they called a good thing in up-state lands. His father had not approved the trip, but the son had insisted on going. After the departure of the vessel the father found some of the

letters sent by the land dealers, and became suspicious. He recalled a case recently reported in the papers of a young man who had been decoyed in a similar manner, and then had been robbed and murdered. His son had a large sum of money with him. What if his fate should be the same?

"The father decided that he must interfere. But how could he do so? His first thought was to cable to the New York police, asking them to meet the vessel on its arrival and to hold his son. But he soon abandoned the idea, as he did not wish to subject his son to what would seem to him disgrace. He feared that a cablegram to the traveler would not prove effective. His ignorance of America was so great that he did not know what other steps to take.

"As he puzzled over his problem he caught sight of a folded paper on the pavement. A torn wrapper bearing a postage stamp led him to pick it up. He realized that some postman had dropped the paper, and that probably the wrapper had been torn by the feet of a passer-by. Carelessly he looked at the first page, but as he read the date line he was startled. The paper came from the city where his son was to meet the sharpers! Interest thus aroused, he began to read. The article about the traveling men's attendance at church attracted him. He saw my name mentioned. Then he knew what he would do.

"That afternoon I received a cablegram that puzzled me. It asked me to meet his son on his arrival in New York and hold him until the arrival of a letter of explanation. He assured me that all expenses would be paid, and that the errand was of vital importance.

"As it was impossible for me to go to New York, I telegraphed a parishioner who was then in the city. He met the young Englishman and brought him to me. A few days later came the letter of explanation. The son was startled. As the father had feared, the land salesmen proved to be crooks, but it was impossible to find them: evidently they had been frightened away.

"The young man secured employment in the city. Within two months he was led to Christ, and his wild life was ended.

"Thus my prayer for a blessing on that Sunday's service was answered in a way of which I could never have dreamed.

"We are told to be anxious for nothing," the minister concluded. "And what reason is there for anxious care when God is with his people, not merely in a general way, as a vast multitude, but as individuals, for each of whom he plans, to each of whom he shows his wonderful power, in each of whom he takes delight as a father takes delight in his son? What reason is there for fear when we can call on God for help, no matter what we need?"

XVI

OUT OF THE INSANE HOSPITAL

DURING the later years of the nineteenth century a leading worker in a certain city church was the daughter of a retired minister. She was a student at the university and organist at the church. She was small and not at all vigorous. Her associates loved her because of her beautiful Christian spirit

There came into her life a young man who sought to interest her. She did not respond to his pleas for marriage. She told him she liked him, but that she could not marry him.

Some time after his disappointment, when he was in another city, he was told he must go to a hospital at a distance and submit to a dangerous operation. Learning that on his way he would have to pass through the home city of the young woman he had hoped to marry, he wrote to her, pleading with her to meet him at the station. This she refused to do.

Two days later came the news that he had died in the hospital. She was much disturbed, feeling that she might have made his last days easier for him if she had met him as he wished.

A neighbor who learned of her sorrow told her she could show her a way to set all right. The girl must put herself in the charge of the neighbor, who claimed to be a spiritualistic medium, and she would be put in communication with the spirit of the young man.

It was an easy matter to overcome the objections of the Christian girl, and the self-styled medium arranged several interviews, as she claimed. Each experience left the girl in a tense nervous state.

On the Sunday evening following the third visit to the medium, the girl startled the household by a loud shriek. At once she was a raving maniac. In the absence of her father, who was away from the city, the mother did all she could to calm her. But she was helpless, as was the physician.

The pastor was sent for. In his presence she became like a little child. When he was with her she was tractable, but during his absence she was a terror to all about her. From Sunday night to Friday night she startled and grieved her mother and her friends by profane, vulgar and even obscene language. "I never heard anything like it even from the most degraded man," her pastor—a man known throughout the country—has reported.

She who had been weak before had miraculous physical strength. Four men could not hold her. She broke furniture, and she even broke the bones of some who tried to restrain her. But when her pastor came to her, and said she must sleep, she obeyed him at once.

Specialists, after careful examination and observation, said that the difficulty was tuberculosis of the spine which had reached the brain. The brain had lost the power of assimilating nutriment. They declared the sufferer would never be better, but that she would die in about six months in that condition.

On Friday, because of this diagnosis, it was decided to take her to a hospital for the insane. Two guards

from the hospital came for her, but they said she was too fierce—they could not handle her; other guards and iron fetters must be sent for. Then the pastor said he would take the patient, without guards. With two nurses he went with her, in a carriage. There was no difficulty during the journey.

At the hospital there was no sign of improvement. She raved constantly. She had the strength of a giant. Once she twisted from their place the heavy window shutters. Three strong men were needed to put them back in place.

Word of her hopeless condition was taken by the pastor to the young women of his Sunday school class, of which the unfortunate young woman had been a member. After school was dismissed, two of the members of the class remained to talk with the teacher.

"Do you think she is insane?" one of them asked. "The Doctor says so."

"I am not in a position to say," was the reply. "What do you think?"

"I think she is not insane, but that she is possessed by a demon. I have been reading a book on demonology, and I am convinced that she is suffering from possession like that which affected people in Palestine when Jesus was on earth."

"Then let us unite in prayer for her deliverance," the pastor said.

At 4.15 P. M. teacher and pupils knelt together and asked God to deliver the young woman from the demon whose instrument she was.

On the way home the pastor sent a telegram to the father of the girl, who was again absent on business,

asking him to return at once; there were important developments in his daughter's case.

He came on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning the pastor and the father went to the hospital. During the two days there had been no communication between the hospital and the pastor.

"Things look very dark," the hospital superintendent reported, when inquiry was made for the patient. "You can't see her. Sunday afternoon at about four o'clock she was taken with a fearful spasm. She wrenched from its place a heavy oak table, fastened to the floor. Then she fell unconscious. When she recovered consciousness, she was too weak to turn over. She cannot live till the end of the week."

"Doctor, let me tell you what occurred in the city Sunday afternoon at four o'clock," the minister said. And he related the story of the prayer in the Sunday school room.

"Then you had better go in and see her," the physician said.

The pastor found her lying on a cot. As he approached she looked at him. To his joy the look was full of intelligence.

"You are better," she was told. "Your father is here. He is not coming in. Soon we are going to take you home."

"Where am I?" she asked, feebly.

"In the hospital. But we will not discuss your whereabouts just now."

"Please don't think evil of me," she said. "I knew all the time what I was doing. But there was something inside of me that I could not resist."

"I know you were not responsible," her visitor assured her. Then he left her.

Ten days later she was taken home. She was still weak and nervous, but her mind was clear.

From the hour when the prayer for her deliverance from the demon was made, she was the same physically weak, refined, cultured woman she was before her seizure.

Within three months she had regained her strength, and was eager to resume her studies at the university.

"It is nine years since the events of which I have told," the pastor said, in telling the story to the author of this volume. "Seven years ago she graduated from the university. Once more she became organist of the church. She has had a large class in music for years. She is a favorite in the church and in society. Always she is the same cheerful, Christian woman."

THREE
TRAVEL MERCIES

XVII

THE RULER OF THE WAVES

IN September, 1846, the Great Western encountered the worst storm ever known by the captain of the vessel, who had been at sea for many years. Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was one of the passengers, told in an address the story of the tempestuous voyage:[1]

"For thirty-six hours the wind raved, and the waves rolled with a fury and power unknown, for so long a time, to the most experienced navigators on board. Traveling mountains, with the power of the iceberg, the avalanche, or the Niagara, for one day and two nights, as far as eye could reach, covered the surface of the deep, thundering loud and unceasingly around us. The onset commenced on Saturday night, and raged unceasingly till Sabbath morning, when, instead of mitigating, it gathered new power, and then commenced the work of desolation.

"The sails on the fore-yards, clewed down, burst from their fastenings, and roared and flapped furiously, defying control. In the meantime, the sea rose rapidly, breaking over and against the ship. At 4 P. M. the wind had risen to a hurricane, veering to the northwest; the ship at the same time broke from her course into the trough of the sea—a condition of extreme

[1]Quoted in "The Life of Robert Carter."

peril, during which a sea broke in upon the main deck, and drove a great quantity of water into the engine-room, a stroke at the heart of life, our machinery.

"At 11 A. M. a heavy wave broke over the fore part of the starboard wheelhouse, and drove the iron life-boat and the icehouse, of some six or seven tons, furiously against the wheelhouse and side of the ship; and before they could be fastened, the careening of the ship sent them sundry times back and forth, threatening instant destruction. Such and so rapid were the successions of disaster, that an attempt was made to wear ship, as less perilous than her present condition; but finding her uncontrollable, she was permitted to return to her course.

"About noon, a mighty wave struck the starboard wheelhouse and tore up the fastenings of spikes and iron bands and bolts, throwing off the whole top and outside covering, breaking the under half of the spring beam, and shaking to their foundation and lowering perceptibly the timbers which sustained the wheel, thus enfeebling the arm of our power in the climax of our danger. The wave, with portions of the wreck, rolled deep and dark over the quarter-deck. One of these struck the captain on the head, while the wave drove him insensible to the stern of the ship, where the network barely saved him from an ocean grave.

"About one o'clock, while many were seated in the lower cabin, a sea struck the ship, a tremendous crash was heard on deck, and instantly the cabin was darkened and torrents of water came pouring down through the skylights. All sprang to their feet, and a scream of terror rang through the ship, which pitched and

rolled so fearfully that with no little difficulty we could maintain our position upon our seats, and not a few received bruises and contusions.

"In these circumstances, a proposition was made, and accepted by all who could attend, to meet in the lower cabin for prayer. It was prayer, not in forms and words merely, but the importunity of the heart, crushed by perils from which it could not escape, and pressed by the complex interests of time and eternity, looking up to the only power in the universe that could save. In the evening, Dr. Balch administered the communion in the cabin. In the meantime the storm raged on, but from the time of our public supplications the desolations ceased.

"We had hoped the preceding night that the morning would bring a change, and in the morning that noon would witness a favorable crisis, and at noon that evening would realize our hopes. But the storm traveled on from morning to noon, and from noon to evening, with augmented power, till it became evident that we must encounter the terrors of another night; and the general opinion was that the ship could not outride the storm. And now, while prayer unceasing went up to God, I have cause to know that on the part of numbers immediate preparations for eternity commenced, and not a few, I trust, with calm resignation, and peace that passeth knowledge, and joy unspeakable, were prepared to meet their God.

"And now the dreaded night came on in darkness visible and terrible convulsions. It was long and dreadful. First came a long, slow roll of the ship to and fro, almost from beam's end to beam's end, thrice

repeated. Then ensued a momentary quiet and onward motion of the ship, and then suddenly the thunder of waves began again, louder and louder, and more powerful and rending, as if every portion of our ship would be torn in fragments and scattered upon the deep. Then gradually the thunderings ceased, as if the elements, wearied and breathless by their efforts, had paused to rest and gain breath for another assault. About five o'clock a more terrible squall struck the ship suddenly—a perfect tornado. She careened over, and buried her gunwales in the ocean, her wheelhouse covered by the waves that helped the wind to lay her on her side. There she lay for a few moments, stricken powerless, at the mercy of the waves. At this critical moment, when another wave might have finished her, the engine was true to her duty, and round and round thundered her iron wings, when, gradually recovering her upright position, the good ship came up to her course."

The captain said, after the danger was over: "Thrice on deck I thought destruction inevitable. Each time a sea of such magnitude and power came on the ship that I thought it was all over with us. But unexpectedly each broke just at the side of the ship. Sir, the hand of the Lord was in it. It is to Divine Providence alone that we are all indebted for our safety, for during my long experience at sea I never witnessed so severe a storm."

XVIII

SAVED FROM THE STORM

LATE in the fall of 1842 Dr. Marcus Whitman, missionary among the Indians in what is now the State of Oregon, decided that he must make a hasty trip to Washington to urge Congress to take action that would make the Oregon Country American territory.

Friends tried to persuade him to wait till spring, but his answer was that he could not wait, for it was only five months till Congress would adjourn. He knew the grave danger of the winter journey, but he would not delay because of danger. If it was in man's power to push through to Washington he would do so.

For the first eleven days progress was difficult, yet he managed to reach Fort Hall. There he was told that the trip he proposed was foolhardy in the winter season. Snow was already twenty feet deep in the mountains. Streams would be raging torrents. How could he hope to survive these perils? His only reply was that he must go where duty called him.

Some distance south from Fort Hall a severe snowstorm began. Progress was slow because of the drifts. No sooner was this storm safely left behind than another burst in fury on the party. Further progress was impossible, and the travelers made themselves as comfortable as they could in a deep, dark ravine. After ten days, although the storm continued, Whitman resolved

to continue his journey. Once out of the shelter of the ravine, the fury of the storm overwhelmed them and they lost their way and wandered for hours. They tried to return to the camp in the ravine, but they could not find their tracks. Dr. Whitman knelt in the snow and asked for God's guidance and protection. When he rose from his knees, the guide noticed the action of the lead mule, which, after turning his long ears in various directions, began to plunge through the drifts. "Follow the mule—he'll get us through," the guide shouted.

Sure enough! In two hours they were back at the camp in the ravine, from which they were able to renew the journey in safety after waiting for the storm to abate.

XIX

THE PRAYER OF A SEAMAN

THE story of Alexander Irvine's struggles and triumphs [1] is full of thrills, but there is nothing more thrilling than the record of a prayer and the answer.

Immediately after reaching London from Ireland—where he had been unable to gain more than the barest rudiments of an education by reason of extreme poverty—he enlisted as a marine. He knew that after preliminary training he would be drafted to one of Her Majesty's ships, and his prayer was made in view of the prospect. This is the story:

"My Bible studies had given me a longing to see the Holy Land. Perhaps the longing was superinduced by the possibility of being drafted to the Mediterranean squadron. On inquiry, I learned that the flagship of that squadron—the *Alexandra*—had a library and school on board, so I made this kind of proposition to the Almighty. I did it, of course, with a humble spirit and a devout mind, but I did it in a very clear and positive manner: 'Give me the flagship for the sake of the schooling I will get there, and I will give thee my life.'

"I prayed daily and nightly for nearly six months for that object, and in my anxiety over the matter I made a dicker with a man who was to embark at the

[1] Told in "From the Bottom Up."

same time—that, if he should be lucky enough to get the flagship, and I should be appointed to some other ship, I would give him a money consideration, and request the Commander to permit us to exchange. This was a break in my faith, and I quickly corrected it, leaving the entire matter in supernatural hands.

"There came a time when I was sure in my mind that I would get that ship—a time when there was no longer zest in praying for it; and there entered into my prayers phrases of gratitude instead of request. There came also a time when I confided this assurance to my closest friend, to whom it was all moonshine. He laughed and poked fun at the idea. It became a barrack-room joke and I was hurt and chagrined.

"The eventful evening arrived. Those for embarkation were called out for parade in full marching order, and the roll was called. The universe seemed to hang in the balance that morning. Finally the moment arrived. My name was called. I took one pace to the front, folded my arms and awaited the verdict. My name and company were called and the assignment: 'To Her Majesty's Ship *Condor.*'

"My comrades giggled and were sharply rebuked; I gave vent to an inarticulate guttural sound and was also rebuked. After parade I went to my barrack-room, changed my uniform, and disappeared to escape ridicule.

" 'What cheer, Condor?' were the first words that greeted me at reveille next morning, and my room-mates kept it up. Sometimes the ridicule worked overtime. Often I was on the edge of a wild outburst of passion and resentment, but I mastered these things

and went on with my duties. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the day following my assignment, we 'mustered kits.' This is the ordinary pre-embarkation inspection. After inspection we packed our kits and were stood to attention. Several corrections were made in the instructions of the previous day. My heart almost stopped beating when my name was called a second time.

" 'A mistake has been made—'

"The officer got no further.

" 'I knew it, begorra!' I exclaimed with flushed face and beating heart.

"The officer came close to me, looked straight into my face, and said, 'I have a good mind to put you in the guard room.'

"I stood still, motionless, silent.

" 'A mistake was made yesterday,' he continued, 'in appointing you to the *Condor*. You are to go, instead, with a detachment to the *Alexandra*, flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron.'

"Parade was dismissed. I went to the officer, saluted him, and begged the privilege of an explanation. In a few words I told him my story and of the hope of my life, and asked him to forgive me for the interruption. He looked astonished, and replied very quietly, 'I am glad you told me, Irvine. I shall be interested in your future.' "

The record of how the prayer for an education was answered on the *Alexandra* follows: "My first great discovery on the ship was the thing I had prayed for—a school," Mr. Irvine says. "I hid myself behind a stanchion, out of sight of the instructors, and took my

bearings. Later, I found a place where I could sit within hearing distance, but was discovered and forced to explain. The chief instructor was interested in my explanation and in my story, and gave me valuable advice as to how to proceed in my studies."

XX

GOD SENT THE WIND

IN 1853 a Christian man was passenger on a ship bound for China, when the wind failed. During a Sunday morning service the passengers noted that the captain looked troubled, and frequently went over to the side of the ship. At the conclusion of the service, he was asked what was amiss. He replied that a four-knot current was carrying the ship rapidly toward some sunken reefs, and that the vessel was already so near he feared disaster before the close of the day. After dinner he became so anxious that the ship's long boat was put over the side, and all hands tried to turn the ship's head from the shore, but without success.

"After standing together on the deck for some time in silence," one of the passengers told the story,[1] "the captain said to me, 'Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result.' A thought occurred to me, and I replied, 'No, there is one thing we have not done yet.' 'What is it?' he queried. 'Four of us on board are Christians,' I answered (the Swedish carpenter and our colored steward, with the captain and myself); 'let us each retire to his own cabin, and in agreed prayer ask the Lord to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset.'

"The captain complied with this proposal. I went and spoke to the other two men, and after prayer with

[1] In "A Retrospect."

the carpenter we all four retired to wait upon God. I had a good but very brief season in prayer, and then felt so satisfied that our request was granted that I could not continue asking, and very soon went up again on deck. The first officer, a godless man, was in charge. I went over and asked him to let down the clews or corners of the mainsail, which had been drawn up in order to lessen the useless flapping of the sail against the rigging. He answered, 'What would be the good of that?' I told him we had been asking a wind from God, that it was coming immediately, and we were so near the reef by this time that there was not a minute to lose. With a look of incredulity and contempt, he said with an oath that he would rather see the wind than hear of it. But while he was speaking I watched his eye, and followed it up to the royal (the topmast sail) and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeeze. 'Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!' I exclaimed. 'No, it is only a cat's-paw,' he rejoined (a mere puff of wind). 'Cat's-paw or not,' I cried, 'pray let down the mainsail, and let us have the benefit!'

"This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on the deck brought up the captain from his cabin to see what was the matter; and he saw that the breeze had indeed come. In a few minutes we were plowing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water. We were soon out of danger; and though the wind was sometimes unsteady, we did not altogether lose it until after passing the Pelew Islands."

XXI

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN

ONE evening in August, 1900, John Willis Baer and Rev. F. B. Meyer were planning to attend an evening meeting where Dr. Campbell Morgan was to speak. Before the meeting they decided to take a walk on the mountain.

But they did not return in time for the meeting. The reason for their absence was explained next day when Mr. Baer said in the auditorium, in the course of an address on Answered Prayer:

"We were lost on the mountain last night, just as much lost as it is possible to be. We tried to find the way and we couldn't, and we stumbled about for a long time. Then we called. No answer came, and it was so still. Do you know how very still it can be on a mountain in the darkness?

"Finally Mr. Meyer said, 'We must pray about this.' So then and there under the trees Mr. Meyer prayed, as nearly as I can remember, something like this: 'O Lord, we've come out here for quiet and meditation and have lost our way. I've made a mistake and led my friend the wrong way. And we're at our wits' end, Lord. Our wives will be worrying about us. Help us quickly, and turn our feet into the right path. Amen.'

"We started again, and in a few minutes, after we'd

called as loud as we could, there was a faint answer. Nearer and nearer came two men, both of them strangers. They came up to us, and they pointed out the way. As we started with them in the right direction, Mr. Meyer said, 'Baer, wasn't the Lord good to send two angels so quickly!'

"Who dares say aught else than that 'the Lord keepeth watch over his own'?"

XXII

OUT OF THE HATCH

THIS incident is vouched for by the editor of an English paper. It was written by one who entered the English navy when a boy and passed out a commissioned officer:

Many years ago H. M. S. *T*—— was lying in the basin at Keyham Dockyard. She was built of iron; her decks were of the same material. The storerooms, magazines, and shellrooms were closed from the upper deck by means of heavy iron hatches, the under part of which was lined with a thick band of India-rubber, the hatch being secured by iron bolts and large fly-nuts from the top. This arrangement made the small compartments below both air and water tight. A blue-jacket petty officer, a leading stoker, and a couple of men made up her complement, as the vessel was out of commission. One morning, just before the men were proceeding on Easter leave, I had been to the post shell-room. Descending the steps placed for the purpose, I walked along the narrow passage at the bottom in the dim light coming from the open hatch. To my consternation and horror the hatch suddenly dropped and the screws and nuts fastened, thus excluding light and air. In a moment I realized that the men had left the ship, and that I was shut down and that escape was impossible. With failing breath I climbed up the steps and beat against the under part of the hatch, and then, feeling my senses reeling and my head burning with intense pain, called out, "O God, my

Father, do open the hatch," and fell senseless to the bottom.

The leading stoker and his mate, proceeding on their Easter leave, had arrived at Keyham Dockyard gates, when one of them found his bundle had been left on board the ship. A brief discussion took place; would they miss the train if they returned to the ship? Eventually both decided to return, and on arrival one remained at the entrance to the ship's side near the gangway, while the leading stoker passed by the shell-room hatch on his way to the engine room to get his bundle.

"Mate," he said, turning round, "did you hear a voice? Did you hear any one speak?"

"No," said the other in angry tones. "Hurry up, we shall miss the train."

"Well, I heard a voice whisper in my ear; it said, 'Open that hatch,' and I am going to do it; come on."

Grumbling at the delay, the other man came, and with some difficulty the hatch was opened, disclosing to their astonished gaze my apparently dead body at the bottom.

As rapidly as possible I was hauled up into the fresh air, help was summoned, and I revived; but only a few more seconds and it would have been too late.

Inquiries afterward elicited the fact that the blue-jacket petty officer who had preceded these men on leave just before they had left the ship, had dropped the hatch without knowing that any one was below.

My rescuer said, "That whisper in my ear was not the voice of the imprisoned man, of course; with the hatch closed it was impossible to hear; but I believe that it was the voice of God, and I felt that I must obey."

XXIII

WHICH TRAIN?

A BUSINESS man who lived near the Atlantic seaboard was commissioned by a benevolent organization to make an appeal for gifts in a large church in Los Angeles. His expenses were to be paid. He rejoiced that these expenses would be comparatively small, because a friend had given him a pass good on the lines of the Union Pacific Railway and the Southern Pacific Railway. As the route mapped out for the journey took him to San Francisco by the Union Pacific Railway, thence to Los Angeles by the Southern Pacific Railway, his only expenditure for transportation would be from his home city to the Missouri River.

He was crossing Utah when he discovered to his dismay that if he traveled by this route he would be unable to reach Los Angeles until Sunday morning. The train from San Francisco was due at an hour early enough to afford him ample time to fill his engagement. But he did not like the idea of concluding his journey on Sunday.

Further study of the railway guide showed him a way out of difficulty. By taking the San Pedro road from Salt Lake City he would be able to reach Los Angeles Saturday evening.

But he had no pass over the alternative line, and the fare would be fully twenty dollars. Would he be justified in adding this item to the bill when he might save

the amount by an extra night of travel? Would it not be better to break into Sunday a few hours rather than put an extra twenty dollars' burden on the next day's gifts, which might be small at best? He thought of the beneficiaries of the benevolent organization whose representative he was. Had he the right to deprive some one of the benefits which might be denied if he should choose the easier journey?

On the other hand, would it be proper to travel on Sunday, when there was a perfectly feasible method of avoiding the Sunday travel.

The problem was too much for him. So he asked for guidance. Which route should he choose?

After praying he was no longer in doubt. He would leave the train, transfer to the short line, buy his ticket, and be ready for a Saturday night of rest. Then he would be in condition to enjoy the Sunday to the full, and do his best work.

He did reach Los Angeles Saturday afternoon. He had his night's rest. On Sunday morning he learned that traffic on the railroads from San Francisco to Los Angeles was tied up because of floods. The Sunday morning train on which he had planned to reach Los Angeles did not enter the city. In fact, it was four days till the arrival of the first train by the route which his pass called for.

God had given him the guidance he sought.

XXIV

HOW THEY SAW THE GRAND CANYON

A YOUNG married couple—earnest Christian workers, one having been a Y. M. C. A. secretary and the other a Y. W. C. A. secretary—were on their way to the Pacific Coast, where they were to make their home. Although their means were limited, they decided to take the side trip to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona.

They reached the Canyon Thursday afternoon at about five o'clock. Eagerly they hurried to the rim, only to find it enveloped in a heavy fog. On inquiry they learned that the fog had been almost constant for a period of six weeks. No one felt willing to prophesy the early dissipation of the disappointing curtain.

The husband and wife dropped on a near-by bench and talked of their plans. They realized that they could not wait long for the fog to lift, since they had lost an entire day by reason of a changed train. Further, a delay of two days would involve Sunday travel, and it was against their principles to reach their destination on Sunday.

About six o'clock that evening, as they waited on the brink of the chasm, hoping for a sudden lifting of the mist, it parted and showed them some of the wonders below. For an instant they could see down to the

plateau and a little way across. Then the fog hid this glorious work of God from their eyes.

The brief glimpse filled them with the keenest desire to witness the canyon in the fullness of its grandeur, so they decided that it would be possible to take the three o'clock train on Friday afternoon instead of the nine o'clock train Friday morning. Thus a little longer time would be allowed for the coming of clear weather, and they would still be able to reach San Francisco at ten o'clock Saturday night, in good season for Sunday.

Before going to bed they arranged to drive early in the morning to a point a mile or two above the hotel, that they might be there at sunrise. But when they rose there was still a heavy fog over everything. Eagerly they asked if there was any hope of a change in the weather, but they were told that probably the canyon would be hidden for the entire day.

Again they went to the canyon edge, and once more the fog suddenly broke for a few moments. They had a clear view across—a glorious and stimulating sight. They saw enough to realize that the half had not been told them.

Their longing to see the chasm from the best point of vantage and in the clear light of the sun was more intense than ever.

After breakfast, in spite of the guide's forebodings, they drove fourteen miles through the pine forest to Grand View Point. There they waited for an hour, all the time enveloped in thick mist.

Undiscouraged, they drove to another point, though the driver of the wagon, not thinking further effort

worth while, urged them to give up; he said there was little chance of seeing anything more that day.

Then the thought came to the ex-secretary of the Y. W. C. A.:

"God knows the effort and the money it has cost us to make this visit to the canyon. He knows that we cannot remain a day longer without traveling on Sunday. And he knows that it will mean much to us to witness the glory of this wonderful place."

Then she prayed with all her heart that God would send a wind to blow away the fog.

Just as the party reached the point to which they were going, a strong wind began to blow. In five minutes every vestige of fog had disappeared and they could see far up and down the canyon, and in every direction. They could even see the river, like a silver thread, far below.

In awed silence the husband and wife gazed on the chasm a mile deep and thirteen miles broad, filled with mountain peaks, not one of which reached above the level of their feet. With beating hearts they looked on the gigantic mounds, carved each in its own fashion—fantastic, weird, grotesque, magnificent. The tears were in their eyes as they saw, not the somber-hued, rocky slopes and precipices which they had expected, but color schemes that would be the delight and despair of the artist—every shade of red and violet combined and contrasted until the canyon looked like a vast palette.

Without moving from the spot where they stood they could see hundreds of square miles of rich wonders—rocks and pinnacles and turrets that seemed—to use

the expression of one traveler—as if a million sunsets had been shattered there.

And God unveiled this wonder for them, in answer to the prayer that they might see the revelation of his Glory—God's autograph in stone!

At last the driver broke the silence. "I never saw the like," he said. "This is the finest view we have had for six months. Who would have thought the fog would disappear so suddenly?"

The heart of the wife was filled with thanksgiving. The answer to her prayer seemed to her very direct. The driver had gone under protest to the second point of view, and he would not have been willing to wait there five minutes, after spending the discouraging hour at the rock on which they first paused. Hence it was necessary that the fog lift immediately if they were to see anything.

The fog had lifted, and they had seen God's glory.

A friend of the young people, in telling the story of that wonderful day, said:

"One who is living in fellowship with Christ knows that there are times when he can ask for certain things even though there is nothing in God's Word to indicate that these are in accordance with his will. There is an inner witness of the Spirit."

FOUR
THE PRAYERS OF FIVE STUDENTS

XXV

THE ONE ROOM HE NEEDED

A STUDENT in one of the large universities was troubled by reason of the increasing cost of room rent. During the first years of a student's course at that institution it was then necessary that he should live off the campus; the dormitory accommodations were sufficient for the upper classmen only. This was a hardship for many of the underclassmen, as the rooms in town were more expensive than many of the dormitory rooms. The student had managed to earn his expenses for freshman and sophomore years, but he realized that if he was to get through the junior year without debt it would be necessary to find a cheap room in one of the dormitories.

Accordingly, he made inquiry, and learned that in the closing weeks of his sophomore year he would be privileged to enter the drawing for vacant rooms. He learned further that hundreds of students would apply for rooms, and that at least one third of them must be disappointed. When he sought information as to the price of rooms that would be in the drawing, he discovered that there was one room only that was within the reach of his modest purse. Although he realized that the probabilities of his getting this room were very slight, he called on the occupant to see what arrangement could be made with him for a transfer of the furniture in the most unlikely event of his suc-

cess. His eagerness for the room was increased when he learned that there were in reality two rooms, a sitting-room and a bedroom; that there were two single beds in the bedroom, and that the dormitory rules would make it possible for the next occupant of the room to take in a partner who would share the expense of rent, coal, light, and other incidentals.

The more he thought of the rooms—which were so cheap because they were not in a desirable location—the more he wanted them. He knew he could do nothing to make sure that they would be assigned to him. So he told God how he wanted the rooms, and asked that he might be successful in the drawing.

Next he went to the occupant of the quarters he desired, who was about to graduate, and arranged with him for the transfer of all the very plain furniture for thirty dollars. The senior did not seem to think it at all likely that the sophomore would be successful, but he was willing to humor him when he saw his eagerness.

During the two or three days that elapsed before the drawing the sophomore thought of himself as the occupant of this suite. He could not think of the possibility of failure in the drawing; he did not see how he could fail. He had prayed. God knew how he needed the room. What, then, could he expect but success?

On the afternoon of the drawing he went with several hundred other men to the hall where the drawing was to be conducted. Anxious men were all about him. But he was not anxious. Then the two officers appointed for the purpose appeared on the platform,

each with a box in his arms. In one box, it was explained, were slips each of which bore the name of an applicant for a room or a suite; in the second box were slips each of which bore the number of a dormitory room. From the first box a slip was to be drawn by one of the officers, who would read the name; a slip would then be taken from the second box by the other officer, and the designation of the room would be read. Name and room would be entered on the official list. Then the program would be repeated until the supply of rooms was exhausted.

As the drawing proceeded there were pleased exclamations and expressions of disappointment. The sophomore felt sorry for the disappointed men and rejoiced with the successful ones; he could feel for them, for he knew what disappointment would mean to him. Yet he knew he was not to be disappointed. He heard some who feared that their names might not be read before the box which contained the room numbers was empty. But he expected to hear his own name in ample time.

At last his slip was in the hands of the official, and his name was written on the list kept by the secretary. The second official reached into the other box, lifted a slip, looked at it carefully, and read—the number of the room for which he had prayed!

The payment for the furniture was made at once. But he was not sole owner long. A young man who planned to enter the freshman class the next fall asked to be taken in as roommate, and offered to pay nearly three times the cost of the furniture, he to have only a half interest until the end of

the senior year, when the title would be transferred to him.

Thus all anxiety as to the expenses of the junior year were dissipated. The student knew there would be no difficulty in providing for the remaining bills, when he was able to call on the aid of the prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

XXVI

WINNING THE BOYS OF "LITTLE HELL"

"LITTLE HELL" is a notorious district of the Chicago slums. A raw student of theology was invited to make a ten-minute address to a hundred boys gathered from this district into a mission school. He was instructed to keep his eyes open, and warned that he must not call on the boys to repeat anything after him—that would be fatal. "And," he was told, "if the doorkeeper should find it necessary to eject two or three while you are talking, do not be disturbed. It is the usual thing."

With mingled feelings of curiosity and trepidation the student entered the hall. The boys were there, large as life. They wore their hats. Many of them sat on the edge of the pews, their feet far to the front, their hands in their pockets. As the young man rather nervously walked to the platform, he heard—he did not need to overhear—comments such as, "That the guy who's to chin us to-day?" "He ain't got nothing to tell us."

After a stanza of a hymn, the superintendent introduced the speaker. At a loss what to do, he began with a prayer, but had hardly reached the fourth sentence when the disconcerting statement was made, very audibly, "Time to say Amen!" He thought so too, and said it. But what next? Evidently the carefully pre-

pared talk would not do. The boys must be interested —but how? He offered a silent prayer for guidance, and the guidance came. He had an inspiration, and it was followed.

"Boys, I read a jolly thing the other day about a man who was shut in a cell in a castle in Spain. He hadn't done anything, but he had enemies, and they were bound to have his blood." Then followed a very free narrative of Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum"—a story of the Inquisition, in which unseen jailers planned the death of the prisoner in various ways, and as he escaped one death, the machinery was set in motion for other torture and death.

As the tale proceeded, the change in those boys was marvelous. Hands were withdrawn from pockets, they sat erect, their mouths were open, they were alert, intent. In three minutes the speaker saw that he had his audience, and could do with them what he would. So, when he told how the castle fell into the hands of the prisoner's friends just in time to save him, he added: "What a fearful thing it would be to have a hidden eye watching us as it watched that prisoner, just for the purpose of causing us misery! Now that is what some people think God is doing, but it isn't true. God is watching us even more closely than the jailer watched his prisoner, but it is that he may do us a good turn and help us. That's why it is such a comfort to think, 'Thou, God, seest me.' He's seeing us to help us. That's why I've told you this story. I want you to understand how God is looking at us, and why. Now, I'd like to have you say that with me, 'Thou, God, seest me.'"

As he made the request, the speaker trembled. Would they respond? Yes! a hundred boys answered as one, "Thou, God, seest me." Thus encouraged, he ventured a second question: "Because he wishes to hurt us, or to help us?" The answer came once more from the hundred throats, "To help us!"

"I've been here for months, and it was never done before," said the superintendent after the services. "I've been praying for encouragement, and it has come. Now I feel ready to go on with them a little longer."

The young speaker, too, was encouraged that afternoon, as he looked forward to his life work.

XXVII

PRAYING FOR OVERDUE SALARY

SOON after J. Hudson Taylor began his medical studies, in preparation for missionary work, he was troubled by the forgetfulness of the Christian physician for whom he worked to pay him his quarterly salary on time. He had his choice between reminding the physician or asking God to see that the salary was paid. He determined to leave matters with God, knowing that he needed training in believing prayer.

At one time the quarter's salary was several weeks overdue, and he was entirely out of funds. Daily he pleaded with God that his wants might be supplied through the payment of the debt. "Of course it was not the want of money that distressed me," he wrote years afterward, "that could have been had at any time for the asking. The question uppermost in my mind was this: 'Can I go to China? or will my want of faith and power with God prove to be so serious an obstacle as to preclude my entering upon this much-prized service?'

"As the week drew to a close I felt exceedingly embarrassed. There was not only myself to consider; on Saturday night a payment would be due to my Christian landlady which I knew she could not well dispense with. Ought I not, for her sake, to speak about the matter of the salary? Yet to do so would be, to myself at any rate, the admission that I was not fitted to under-

take a missionary enterprise. I gave nearly the whole of Thursday and Friday—all the time not occupied in my necesary employment—to earnest wrestling with God in prayer. But still on Saturday morning I was in the same position as before. And now my earnest cry was for guidance as to whether it was my duty to break silence and speak to my employer, or whether I should still continue to wait the Father's time. As far as I could judge, I received the assurance that to wait his time was best; and that God in some way or other would interpose on my behalf. So I waited, my heart being now at rest and the burden gone.

"About five o'clock that Saturday afternoon, when the doctor had finished writing his prescriptions, his last circuit for the day being taken, he threw himself back in his arm-chair, as he was wont, and began to speak of the things of God. He was a truly Christian man, and many seasons of very happy spiritual fellowship we had together. I was busily watching, at the time, a pan in which a decoction was boiling that required a good deal of attention. It was indeed fortunate for me that it was so, for without any obvious connection with what had been going on, all at once he said, 'By-the-by, Taylor, is not your salary due again?' My emotion may be imagined! I had to swallow two or three times before I could answer. With my eye fixed on the pan and my back to the doctor, I told him as quietly as I could that it was overdue some little time. How thankful I felt at that moment! God surely had heard my prayer, and caused him, in this time of my great need, to remember the salary without any word or suggestion from me. He replied, 'O, I am so sorry you

did not remind me! You know how busy I am; I wish I had thought of it a little sooner, for only this afternoon I sent all the money I had to the bank, otherwise I would pay you at once.' It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling caused by this unexpected statement. I knew not what to do. Fortunately for me my pan boiled up, and I had a good reason for rushing with it from the room. Glad indeed I was to get away, and keep out of sight until after the doctor had returned to his house, and most thankful that he had not perceived my emotion.

"As soon as he was gone I had to seek my little sanctum and pour out my heart before the Lord for some time before calmness—and more than calmness—thankfulness, and joy were restored to me. I felt that God had his own way, and was not going to fail me. I had sought to know his will early in the day, and as far as I could judge had received guidance to wait patiently; and now God was going to work for me in some other way.

"That evening was spent, as my Saturday evenings usually were, in reading the Word and preparing the subjects on which I expected to speak in the various lodging-houses on the morrow. I waited, perhaps, a little longer than usual. At last, about ten o'clock there being no interruption of any kind, I put on my overcoat, and was preparing to leave for home, rather thankful to know that by that time I should have to let myself in with the latch-key, as my landlady retired early to rest. There was certainly no help for that night; but perhaps God would interpose for me by Monday, and I might be able to pay my landlady early

in the week the money I would have given her before, had it been possible.

"Just as I was preparing to turn down the gas, I heard the doctor's step in the garden which lay between the dwelling-house and surgery. He was laughing to himself very heartily, as though greatly amused by something. Entering the surgery, he asked for the ledger, and told me, that, strange to say, one of his richest patients had just come to pay his doctor's bill —was it not an odd thing to do? It never struck me that it might have any bearing on my own particular case, or I might have been embarrassed; but looking at it simply from the position of an uninteresteed spectator, I also was highly amused that a man who was rolling in wealth should come after ten o'clock at night to pay a doctor's bill, which he could any day have met by a check with the greatest ease. It appeared that somehow or other he could not rest with this on his mind, and he had been constrained to come at that unusual hour to discharge his liability.

"The account was duly receipted in the ledger, and the doctor was about to leave, when suddenly he turned, and, handing me some of the bank notes just received, said, to my surprise and thankfulness: 'By the way, Taylor, you might just as well take these notes; I have not any change, but can give you the balance next week.' Again I was left—my feelings undiscovered—to go back to my own little closet and praise the Lord with a joyful heart that after all I might go to China."

The memory of this incident proved a wonderful help to Dr. Taylor during the years of strain and stress in China. He knew that he could safely depend on prayer to God, when he was in the path of duty.

XXVIII

SAVED FROM DEATH

ANOTHER incident of J. Hudson Taylor's career as a medical student was related by him in thankful acknowledgment to God who is ever mindful of his promises to hear his people when they pray.

While sewing together sheets of paper to be used as a notebook of classroom work he pricked the first finger of his right hand. Next day part of his work was in the dissecting room. That day the students were warned to be even more than usually on their guard against infection; the slightest scratch would probably mean death. Young Taylor, forgetting all about the slight scratch of the previous evening, gave himself conscientiously to his task. But he soon saw that something was wrong. In his own words:

"Before the morning was far advanced I began to feel very weary, and, while going through the surgical wards at noon, was obliged to run out, being suddenly very sick—a most unusual circumstance with me, as I took but little food and nothing that could disagree with me. After feeling faint for some time, a draught of cold water revived me, and I was able to rejoin the students. I became more and more unwell, however, and ere the afternoon lecture on surgery was over found it impossible to hold the pencil and continue taking notes. By the time the next lecture was through,

my whole arm and right side were full of severe pain, and I was both looking and feeling very ill.

"Finding that I could not resume work, I went into the dissecting-room to put away my apparatus, and said to the demonstrator, who was a very skillful surgeon, 'I cannot think what has come over me,' describing the symptoms. 'Why,' said he, 'what has happened is clear enough; you must have cut yourself in dissecting, and you know that this is a case of malignant fever.' I assured him that I had been most careful, and was quite certain that I had no cut or scratch. 'Well,' he replied, 'you certainly must have had one,' and he very closely scrutinized my hand to find it, but in vain. All at once it occurred to me that I had pricked my finger the night before, and I asked him if it were possible that a prick from a needle, at that time, could have been still unclosed. His opinion was that this was probably the cause of the trouble, and he advised me to get a hansom, drive home as fast as I could, and arrange my affairs forthwith. 'For,' he said, 'you are a dead man.'

"My first thought was one of sorrow that I could not go to China, but very soon came the feeling, 'Unless I am greatly mistaken, I have work to do in China, and shall not die.' I was glad, however, to take the opportunity of speaking to my medical friend, who was a confirmed skeptic as to things spiritual, of the joy that the prospect of perhaps soon being with my Master gave me; telling him at the same time that I did not think I should die, as, unless I were much mistaken, I had work to do in China; and if so, however severe the struggle, I must be brought through. 'That is all very

well,' he answered, 'but you get a hansom and drive home as fast as you can. You have no time to lose, for you will soon be incapable of winding up your affairs.'

"I smiled a little at the idea of my driving home in a hansom, for by this time my means were too exhausted to allow of such a proceeding, and I set out to walk the distance, if possible. Before long, however, my strength gave way, and I felt it was no use to attempt to reach home by walking. Availing myself of an omnibus from Whitechapel Church to Farringdon Street, and another from Farringdon Street onwards, I reached, in great suffering, the neighborhood of Soho Square, behind which I lived. On going into the house I got some hot water from the servant, and, charging her very earnestly—literally as a dying man—to accept eternal life as the gift of God through Jesus Christ, I bathed my head and lanced the finger, hoping to let out some of the poisoned blood. The pain was very severe; I fainted away, and was for some time unconscious, so long that when I came to myself I found that I had been carried to bed.

"An uncle of mine who lived near at hand had come in, and sent for his own medical man, an assistant surgeon at the Westminster Hospital. I assured my uncle that medical help would be of no service to me, and that I did not wish to go to the expense involved. He, however, quieted me on this score, saying that he had sent for his own doctor, and that the bill would be charged to himself. When the surgeon came and learned all the particulars, he said, 'Well, if you have been living moderately, you may pull through; but if

you have been going in for beer and that sort of thing, there is no manner of chance for you.' I thought that if sober living was to do anything few could have a better chance, as little but bread and water had been my diet for a good while past. I told him I had lived abstemiously, and found that it helped me in study. 'But now,' he said, 'you must keep up your strength, for it will be a pretty hard struggle.' And he ordered me a bottle of port wine every day, and as many chops as I could consume. Again I smiled inwardly, having no means for the purchase of such luxuries. This difficulty, however, was also met by my kind uncle, who sent me at once all that was needed.

"I was much concerned, notwithstanding the agony I suffered, that my dear parents should not be made acquainted with my state. Thought and prayer had satisfied me that I was not going to die, but that there was indeed a work for me to do in China. If my dear parents should come up and find me in that condition, I must lose the opportunity of seeing how God was going to work for me, now that my money had almost come to an end. So, after prayer for guidance, I obtained a promise from my uncle and cousin not to write to my parents, but to leave me to communicate with them myself. I felt it was a very distinct answer to prayer when they gave me this promise, and I took care to defer all communication with them myself until the crisis was past and the worst of the attack over. At home they knew that I was working hard for an examination, and did not wonder at my silence.

"Days and nights of suffering passed slowly by; but at length, after several weeks, I was sufficiently restored

to leave my room; and then I learned that two men, though not from the London Hospital, who had had dissection wounds at the same time as myself, had both succumbed, while I was spared in answer to prayer to work for God in China."

XXIX

HIS PROFESSIONAL COURSE

A YOUNG man who had a splendid position with a large business house decided that God wished him to enter the ministry. He had taken a preparatory course, and he had saved several hundred dollars.

He told his pastor of his purpose to enter college, and explained his ambition. "I don't see how you can possibly take the course," the pastor said. "Your savings will be sufficient for little more than the first year —and there will be seven years to provide for. I know you can work in vacation, and it will be possible to earn something during term time; but the total of possible earnings will be far from sufficient. I would like to see you a minister, but I am frank to say I do not see how you can carry out your purpose."

"I believe that I ought to be a minister, and that if I do my part God will do the rest," the young man replied. "I must go on. I shall pray and work, and I know all will be well."

Then he told his employers. "Don't do it," they said. "You can't get through on your savings, and you can't provide for the difference. We have a better proposition to make to you. Decide to continue with us. You are already receiving a good salary, but if you stay you will be advanced rapidly, and before long you will become a junior member of the firm. Within a

few years we must retire, and you will then be at the head of the business."

But the young man's conviction of duty was so strong that he was able to resist this alluring program.

He entered college. At first he could find little work. It troubled him to see his little fund disappear, until he reminded himself that he was God's man, and that he had the right to count on God's help. So he prayed, and did the best he could.

But the inevitable day came when the balance at the bank disappeared entirely. Then a bill was presented to him for an amount that seemed to him large. He felt he could not appeal to man. But he could tell God of his need.

"I had scarcely risen from my knees," he said, in telling his experience, "when I heard the postman's step in the corridor, and saw a letter drop through the slot to the floor of my room. I tore open the envelope, and found a check and a note. The note said:

" 'The thought occurred to me to-day that you might have use for the sum which I am glad to inclose.'

"I looked at the check. It was just enough to supply my pressing need."

Again and again definite prayer for aid was answered when the opportunity presented itself for remunerative work. So he was able to complete his college course without debt.

But when he entered the seminary the problem seemed more difficult than ever. He had barely enough to buy his text books for the first year. He knew that a seminary student would find difficulty in securing work so early in his course. Yet he must have funds.

Of course he told God his problem. And once more God honored his draft on the bank of faith. As before, it was the postman who brought what he needed. The letter he left was from a woman of whom the student had never heard. This was her message:

"It has been my custom for several years to take some one student under my care and see that he has the opportunity of continuing his seminary training without being worried about his finances. The last student I had graduated one year ago. I had no one last year, so I can do more for a student this year. My attention has been directed to you, and I would like to have the privilege of sending to you twice during each of the three years a check for one hundred dollars."

"And thus my course was provided for," the recipient said, years after his ordination.

At the ordination service the pastor was being congratulated on sending out from his church such a promising young man. "I'll have to make a confession," he said. "I discouraged him from going on with his plans; I had not faith enough in the outcome. But I thank God that his faith was stronger than mine."

FIVE
GOD IN EVERY DAY LIFE

XXX

GUIDED

IN his book on "Prayer, Its Nature and Scope," Henry Clay Trumbull said that right prayer is obviously limited to those who turn toward God as his creatures, and to the asking of such gifts as God is understood to be willing to bestow. In the very nature of things it is clear that no child of God has a right to pray for that which he has no right to desire. Hence it is clear that a child of God has a right to pray unqualifiedly only for those things which he thinks may be for good, but for those things about which he cannot be sure he is privileged to pray with the qualification in his prayer that God will grant them if they are for good, and withhold them if they are not so.

That Dr. Trumbull's prayer life was in thorough accord with his words about prayer is evident from a number of incidents related by his biographer, Philip E. Howard, who says that it was "a characteristic glory of his nature that he trusted a friend freely and without question. When he had his Saviour's word for it on any subject, that was enough for him. He could trust that Friend above all others, and he did."

In 1854 Mr. Trumbull was superintendent of a mission Sunday school in Hartford, Connecticut. A Christmas party was under discussion. "Something

better than sliding with bare feet on frozen pools—a neighborhood pastime—was thought desirable. The day was close at hand, and the sleigh ride which had been planned as the chief portion of the day's enjoyment was apparently not to be; for the weather was moderate, there was no snow or sign of snow, and to all appearance a fine spell had set in.

"But all this was the Lord's work," reasoned the superintendent, and he could trust him. So he advised all to go on with their plans for a sleigh ride, and he prayed for snow. During the night before the appointed day the ground was covered to a sufficient depth with a snowfall that lasted just long enough for the ride.

"That experience was never forgotten by the superintendent, or set aside as an accident. He knew no accidents. The Saviour was his Friend. Was not that enough?"

A second incident is given in another portion of the biography:

"One night Dr. Trumbull was in Brooklyn, whither he had gone on behalf of a mother whose wayward son was in trouble in that city. Mrs. Trumbull alone knew her husband's plan and purpose on that errand of mercy, and because it would take him into a dangerous quarter of the city, to allay her fears for his safety, he took with him a pistol—his last mistake of that sort. In trying to board a crowded street-car in Brooklyn, his pistol fell from his pocket, struck on the hammer, and from the shot that followed the car-conductor received a flesh wound. With the rapidly growing crowd came a policeman, into whose charge

Mr. Trumbull at once put himself, giving as he did so an explanation of the accident. At the police station his case was fully considered, and he was promptly exonerated. He saw the conductor, and offered to meet any expense which he might incur as a result of the accident. Then Mr. Trumbull inquired whether it was necessary that his name should be made public in connection with any report of the affair. To his great distress he was told that the police office had no power to suppress his name, and, as he returned to his home, he began to realize that a newspaper report of the affair might throw suspicion on him without giving him an opportunity to clear himself. When he reached home, he laid the whole matter before the Lord, with the realization that any blot upon his good name would put him under obligation to retire from the Lord's public service.

"In at least three of the New York papers the next day a full report of the Brooklyn incident appeared, but in each case a name bearing no resemblance to Henry Clay Trumbull was given. 'As I read those reports,' said Mr. Trumbull, 'I dropped on my knees before God and thanked him that he had thus indicated his wish that I should continue in his work under his guard and guidance.' "

Mr. Trumbull felt that his daily work must be committed to God for direction. So when, in 1870, he was without an office assistant, he prayed that he might be led to the right man. In May he was a visitor to the second Congregational Sunday school in Norwich, Connecticut. He had no reason to think that he might find the needed assistant there. "Indeed, he was not

giving any thought to the subject, as he listened to the opening service. But as he was about to bow his head in prayer he caught a glimpse of a young man passing at his right. He did not see his full face, but at once it was borne in upon him that he had seen the help he was seeking. And he had. After the service he found upon inquiry that the young man's name was John D. Wattles, that he was assistant in a Norwich drug store, where he was learning the business. Mr. Trumbull interviewed him later, and presented the question to him, leaving him free to act as God might lead him. It was four weeks after the first interview that John Wattles decided to undertake the proffered work.

" 'Before six months had passed,' wrote Mr. Trumbull, 'Mr. Wattles said he would never go back to his former position, even at ten thousand dollars a year. He felt that God was leading him to better service. . . . In this way my life came to be linked with the God-led life of John D. Wattles, who was later my loved friend, my dear son-in-law, my business partner, and a helper, an example, and an inspiration to me, while proving himself a helper and an inspiration to many thousands of those who never saw his face or heard his voice.' "

In 1868, Mr. Trumbull was in a Florida boarding-house, "where dwelt also a young couple from the North who had tried their best to find other quarters when they learned that an army chaplain was about to arrive. Mr. Trumbull exerted himself to win the confidence of the young man, but weeks went by, and at no time had he been alone with him."

The last night of his stay in the boarding-house came. It seemed that he must depart without speak-

ing as he wished to the young people, thus failing to live up to his life-resolve to speak to others for Christ. But he resolved to make one last attempt. Before doing so, he gave himself to prayer. "Of course the case was 'hopeless.' There lay the opportunity. Indeed, nothing was more significant in Mr. Trumbull's spiritual stability than his childlike reliance upon God as his willing, watchful, all-wise heavenly Father.

"It was not an easy journey across the hallway, nor did his knock on the opposite closed door sound with any great assurance. But he was cordially received, and when he told of his purpose to leave the next day, he was pleasantly surprised to hear expressions of sincere regret.

"That was an opening. Mr. Trumbull said that his joy in Christ's service was his greatest possession, and he had come to say that he had longed to have his fellow-boarders know that joy with him. The young man promptly replied that he would like to know more about Mr. Trumbull's religious belief, and asked what books would enlighten him.

"Mr. Trumbull did leave the next day, but with him went the young man and his wife, changing their itinerary in order to be under his instruction. In their subsequent talks Mr. Trumbull held their conversation and their common thought to Christ himself, and would not let his new companion's mind dwell at all upon his old habits or prejudices. It was very soon clear to the seeking soul that the question of practice would fall into line with little difficulty when once the whole thing had been yielded to the Master. Out of those days of friendly intercourse grew a life-

time friendship and two new workers, the man and his wife, were won for the kingdom, and became widely useful in mission-school service."

Dr. Trumbull's greatest work was done as Editor of The Sunday School Times. How he came to undertake the work is told thus by Mr. Howard:

"As he was about to leave home in the spring of 1875 for a Sunday school institute in Toronto, he learned that Mr. John Wanamaker had become the owner of The Sunday School Times, and was seeking an editor. Mr. Trumbull thought that Mr. Wanamaker might perhaps consider him as an available candidate, but he put away from him any thought of suggesting anything of the sort to the Philadelphia merchant, and prayerfully left the whole matter to the Lord.

"When Mr. Trumbull returned from Toronto, he found a letter from Mr. Wanamaker, asking if he would consider becoming the editor of The Sunday School Times. There were repeated conferences between the two after that. Mr. Wanamaker was just leaving for Europe, and wanted Mr. Trumbull at once. He, on the other hand, as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Sunday School Association, could not abandon the preparation for the First International Convention, to be held in Baltimore. Yet one by one such questions were disposed of.

"Then, as Mr. Trumbull was leaving Philadelphia one morning, Mr. Wanamaker asked him:

" 'What now stands in the way of your decision?'

" 'I must see two other persons—one of them in New York, the other in Boston.'

" 'Why not go at once and see them?'

" 'Because I have an important committee meeting in Hartford the day after to-morrow, and I must be at that meeting.'

" 'Well,' said Mr. Wanamaker, 'then we must wait, and hope for things to work out.'

"Things did. After Mr. Trumbull had boarded the Hartford train in New York, he saw in the next seat to him the New York man who represented a national religious society that had asked Mr. Trumbull to take charge of a department of its work. It was the man in the next seat who could tell him all about the details of that field of service, which he had promised to consider. Mr. Trumbull soon saw that his duty did not lie in the direction of that call.

" 'When I rose the next morning,' he wrote, 'I prayed earnestly over my important duties of the day in Hartford, and asked that the Lord would give me further light as to The Sunday School Times matter. My next desire was to see my Boston friend, Mr. Thomas C. Evans. Yet there were two points in connection with my committee meeting, and another interest for the day, that burdened my mind as I prayed. It seemed as though the Lord counseled me, "Go down town and do the best you can there, and leave the rest to me." '

" 'All went well at the committee meeting. The points of difference which I feared would cause trouble were settled satisfactorily to all, and soon after noon I returned to my home grateful for the day's results so far.'

"When he came home from the committee meeting

on that memorable day, he saw in his parlor his friend Evans, who had never been in the house before.

" 'Tom Evans,' he cried, 'what brought you here to-day?—or, rather, what do you think brought you? I know, but I would like to know what you think.'

"Then Mr. Evans, an army comrade, and one who understood the business side of newspapers, told how he had been led to come.

" 'Last night,' he said, 'I was at my brother's home in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. This morning I started for my home by the way of Springfield. Just as I was starting (that was about the time Mr. Trumbull was praying over the case) a strong impression was borne in upon my mind, "Go down to Hartford and see Clay Trumbull." I said to myself, "I've nothing to see him for, and it will take me out of my way and delay my return home." Again the impression came, "Go down to Hartford and see Clay Trumbull." So I came and here I am.'

" 'That's right, and now I'll tell you what you came for,' said Mr. Trumbull.

"The conversation with Mr. Evans removed the last barrier. Mr. Trumbull became sole editor and part owner of The Sunday School Times, with John D. Wattles as business manager."

Yet another incident.

"One evening when Mr. Trumbull was to leave Hartford for Boston on a midnight train, he was folding a manuscript to be mailed without fail that night to The National Teacher in Chicago, when he was startled by a cry of pain from his wife in the room above him. He ran to her assistance, and found she

had burned herself slightly, with a lamp. When he returned to the library the manuscript was missing. He searched the table and floor, the stairs, the rooms above, and his eight or ten pockets, with no success. But the midnight train would not wait, nor would the magazine presses. He must find the manuscript. So he knelt at his study table and prayed for help, and, while he knelt, came the clear mental impression:

" 'Stand up, and throw off your coat and vest.'

"So doing, he found the manuscript in an inner vest pocket, which he had not known was there. Before he hurried away for the train, mailing the manuscript as he went, he knelt again, and this time to thank God for his goodness. 'For although,' as he wrote in describing the incident years later, 'this was all within the realm of the natural, I was none the less helpless to find the missing paper within the time allowance; and I needed God's supernatural oversight of the natural, in order to enable me to do my duty for him in my little sphere. And he came to my relief with his guiding voice, as he is ever ready to do for his children, according to their need and faith.' "

Mr. Howard says that "many devoted Christian workers, to whom prayer was even a frequent resource, were not quite able to free themselves from a certain sense of astonishment in Mr. Trumbull's everyday reliance upon his heavenly Father's promises. That he could pray about a lost manuscript, really expecting and really getting help, was almost petty in the opinion of some whose large views of the Deity took minor account of the individual and his perplexities. But Mr. Trumbull had no patience with any theory of

divinity that thrust the individual away from God, and classed him as an atom of the whole. To his mind, God and the individual normally sustained a perfect personal relationship which ought to be claimed and entered into without reserve by the man, and which would be maintained in absolute integrity by God himself, given a submissive will and whole-souled devotion on the man's part."

XXXI

THE LAST TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

IN one of the smaller cities of an Eastern State there was great interest in a campaign to raise two hundred thousand dollars. As is usual in such cases, an initial gift of some size was made on condition that the entire amount was raised by August 1.

The canvass for subscriptions progressed rapidly. In June there seemed to be every prospect of success. Then, suddenly, subscriptions ceased coming in. On July 1 the managers of the campaign found that they had one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. As there were still thirty days for the completion of the fund, most of those interested felt quite comfortable till the manager of the canvassers said:

"We have a problem before us. It will be quite possible for us to make up the needed ten thousand dollars within thirty days, if we could take subscriptions in small amounts. Such subscriptions will be welcome, but even if they amount to ten thousand dollars the fund will not be complete.

"We must not forget that one pledge of ten thousand dollars was made on condition that four others should give the same amount. Three of the four pledges have been secured, each of them on the same condition. Now, unless we secure a further pledge of ten thousand dollars, we would have only one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, even if ten thousand dollars in small

pledges are secured. And we would not have as much as that, for on the first of August the initial pledge of fifty thousand dollars lapses unless the entire amount is raised. We must not comfort ourselves by saying that the initial giver will grant us an extension of time. I wish he would, but I do not think we can count on his patience. I understand he has about decided not to give us an extension."

The words of the manager were a damper on the enthusiasm of the canvassers, one of whom said, hopelessly:

"Then we might as well give up."

"Not yet!" the manager replied. "We'll have to get that last ten thousand dollars in one sum."

"But how will you do it?" he was asked. "We have gone over the situation thoroughly, and we have agreed there is but one man in town who can possibly give the amount. We have tried him, and you know how unceremoniously he dismissed the man who approached him."

"Suppose we try him again," the manager suggested.

Objections were overruled, and a committee of two —the manager and an associate—were sent to interview the forlorn hope.

When they stated their errand, the capitalist ordered them from his office with an oath, and added:

"If you don't go pretty quick, you'll be kicked out."

On the street the manager said to his friend:

"We must have that money. It can come only from that man. He will give it freely, and before August 1."

"How do you propose to manage him?" the friend asked.

"We won't manage him. God will. Suppose you and I agree to pray that God will touch his heart and lead him to pay over the money we need. What do you say?"

"I am with you!" said the friend.

"But it must be a believing prayer," he was warned. "If we go about this in a half-hearted way, we cannot count on results. Do you believe God will answer our prayer?"

"I do!" was the reply. "I am sure the work we are doing is in accordance with God's will, and that there is no other way to push our work."

So day after day the friends prayed, together and in private. Two weeks passed without result—except the intensifying of the faith of those who prayed. At the end of that time one man had to go to his summer home in Connecticut, while the manager was compelled to go to a sanitarium for rest after the wearing campaign.

At the sanitarium he obeyed the doctor's orders to forget all worries. But still he prayed; he felt that by keeping this touch with his work he did not disobey orders. For prayer did not worry him; it merely took away all disposition to worry. "Is not the answer to the prayer absolutely sure?" he asked himself.

Days passed. Hours were spent in the open air. He walked, he rowed, he played games. As he enjoyed himself he prayed, and his enjoyment was thereby increased.

One morning he was on the golf links when a boy from the hotel sought him with a telegram. He opened the message from his friend in Connecticut:

"Our ten-thousand-dollar man has come to time. See letter."

Next day the letter came. This—in effect—was the message:

"Here is the ten thousand dollars. I don't know why I am sending it to you. I said I wouldn't, and I didn't intend to. I don't care anything about the cause for which you want it. But I can't get any peace till I send it. No one has said a thing to me since you asked me for the money. But everything has gone wrong since then. Business has gone crossways. I had ten thousand dollars to invest. There was a splendid opening for it. I sent the money, and it was thrown back at me. I tried again; again it came back. A third attempt was made, and a third time the money was returned. So you might as well have it. It seems that I am not going to be allowed to use it in my own way. Now you use it in yours."

XXXII

A BUSINESS MAN'S TESTIMONY

A MAN whose name if given would be recognized far and near, has given his experience of answered prayer thus:

"This testimony of one who is not yet old in the school of prayer is not offered to add to any proof that God is true, for that is not needed, but in glad and grateful recognition of the wonderful provision God has made for access to him through prayer in every hour of need, and in the blessing of fellowship of the child with an infinitely wise and loving father.

"My first remembered experience of answered prayer came to me as a boy, during a wild night of terrific wind and sea off Hatteras. I was on a small steamer with my father, going to the West Indies for the benefit of his broken health. The ship was in serious danger. The fact was not to be concealed from any of us. Water was flooding the cabins. Seas were breaking clean over the uppermost deck, and fairly burying the laboring steamer.

"I lay in my berth in the dark stateroom, holding on as best I could. My father was in the berth below me. I did not want to seem frightened, but I could not sleep; and my father, naturally, did not wish to frighten me by talking of the danger. I suddenly

remembered that we were in good hands; that our God was caring for us. Then I prayed that I might not be afraid, and that we might be safe, indeed. I can remember with renewed gratitude the calm that at once came to me in the storm. I fell asleep; and when day dawned the sunlight flooded the cabin, and the sea was going down.

"This experience has one element in it which interests me more than almost any other element in the circumstance of answered prayer. There was nothing that any supposed skill of mine could do to help in that situation at all. I had tried in vain for hours to rest, and to be at rest. What God did for me, he did, and not I. All through numberless experiences of answered prayer, the most wonderful, and indeed the most natural, in view of what we know of God, are the answers that come when one is obviously helpless, and utterly a failure apart from prayer, and that touch the deep springs of the emotions and the will, in oneself and in others. If we pray for that for which we can also work, and a result is gained, after both prayer and work, we may be inclined to let the work loom larger than prayer in that instance, wrong as that conclusion would be. But if we are so situated that our independent work, if we please to call it such, can be of no use whatever, cannot even be tried, then it is that we are perhaps most conscious of the deep and glad reality of answered prayer. It is of a few among many experiences that I write.

"I was trying hard one day to get an important business contract which would definitely help to support a work for the kingdom. I had been praying for

guidance, and had been talking earnestly to the man whom I wished to impress. He grew favorable to the plan suggested, and finally said, 'I'll take this up with my son when I get home'—his office was in a distant city—'and I'll let you know what he thinks.' 'How would it do to telephone him now?' I inquired. 'Very well,' was the quick answer. Now I knew nothing of the son's attitude toward this contract, but I felt pretty sure the suggestion would be such a surprise to him that at least indecision might step in to hinder a plan that would be good for all concerned, and a quick decision was imperative. So I stood outside the telephone booth praying with all my heart that God would speak to the younger man hundreds of miles away, and lead him to say 'yes,' at once. At last the door opened, and I was told that the contract would be accepted. The son favored it. I was cut off from any direct effort to influence that son by any word of mine, but I do believe that the prayer-channel was used by the heavenly Father in my human helplessness. For if that son had said 'no,' I believe the contract would have fallen through. If it should seem to anyone that the father's influence here, stimulated by my persuasion, had moved the son to affirmative action, let me say that the whole matter seemed to be in the balance when the telephone booth was closed.

"But other cases show, at least to my own consciousness, even more notably, and perhaps more clearly, the readiness of God to answer prayer, in the hour of what might be called human helplessness.

"It seemed most important one day that I should find within a very short time an intimate friend of my

wife. This friend was somewhere in our city on that day, but she was simply passing through to her destination elsewhere. I prayed earnestly that I might find her. Then I tried to follow my Leader. I called several persons on the telephone who might know of her whereabouts, but no one could help me. Then I was plainly told to go out on the street and visit a bookstore several blocks away. I did this, and while I did not find my wife's friend there, I learned afterwards, from her, that she had been there earlier. I left the store, walked slowly down one of the principal streets—I might have used others—and came face to face with the man to whom my wife's friend was betrothed, and who lived in a city hundreds of miles away. He was surprised to see me, and when I told him for whom I was looking, he exclaimed, 'Why, she is in here, waiting for me,' and he pointed to a large dry-goods store I had just passed as I came down the street. See how exactly every step was timed! If I had been ten seconds later, I should have passed the store, I suppose, without knowing that the friend was so near. And they were quite as much impressed as I was with the incident.

"I have noticed that God so often meets a need of ours, in our helplessness, when our prayer is little more than a bewildered longing for help that seems out of the question. My partner and I were discussing one day, some years ago, a matter in which our decision would probably affect a nation-wide work. We realized that we greatly needed certain information to enable us to decide aright; and there were two men, one in Chicago and the other in Montreal, whom we ought

to consult before action. The thing could not wait. We must act, but the question was whether we could act intelligently without the information we lacked. We sat looking at each other in our distress of mind. I do not remember that we even prayed definitely, but our minds were perplexed and burdened.

"Just then a card was brought in to us, and it bore the name of the man from Montreal. You may be sure he had a warm welcome. And from him we learned that the Chicago man, that very day, was at one of the hotels in our city. It took only a telephone call to reach him. Thus God in his mercy and loving provision for his children had exactly timed our needs with the coming of their fulfillment.

"I have often been a victim of homesickness so searching and disabling that long journeys, no matter what the mission, have been hard to bear. I have made many such journeys alone, and have almost always suffered accordingly. Recently, however, I was obliged to undertake a much longer trip than usual, involving travel for thousands of miles by land and sea. The object of the journey was such as to make homesickness a very serious drawback. I simply must not be homesick. Otherwise the journey would be a failure. So I just laid the whole tangle before the Lord, and asked him to straighten it out. He did. I was away for weeks, and I didn't even have to fight homesickness. In his mercy he simply lifted that out of my life for that journey. Of course I missed my home, and longed for it, but not with any touch of the old disabling homesickness. I can understand better now when a reformed man tells how God has taken away from

him, in answer to prayer, a habit that hindered his usefulness.

"Incidents crowd upon me, but I select only one more. I was called upon to face unexpectedly circumstances that I would have been glad to avoid, because of a certain revolt of the soul from the conditions under which I must work. This revolt amounted to a real dread. It was of self, and therefore entirely unworthy. But it was there, and I knew it would completely cripple any and every effort of mine in that situation unless it could be taken away. None of the facts that caused the dread and the revolt could be changed. So I prayed not only once, but often, in the first few hours of my dilemma and helplessness that God would take away from me this crippling dread, and enable me to find actual joy in the experience. He answered me with such joy and peace as I could hardly have believed possible just then. I was not only not crippled, but wonderfully quickened in my whole being, to do a duty which I had wholly failed to bring myself to do.

"Thus by experiences many and diverse in kind one may learn the profound and glad reality of answered prayer. We have much to learn about the practice of prayer, but God is not waiting for us to be perfected in the prayer life before he lets us use prayer effectively."

XXXIII

HOW GOD SAVED THE BUSINESS

HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL once told this incident of a man who committed his way unto the Lord:

"Years ago, I was acquainted with a Christian worker in New England who was widely recognized as a man of more than ordinary sweetness and force in spirit and conduct. His influence, both direct and unconscious, was felt to be always positive and always in the right direction. He had good report of those who were without and of those who were within the church of which he was a member and an office-bearer. While his manner was exceptionally quiet and undemonstrative, he was looked up to in his church and in the community more confidently than many who were louder in words of profession and exhortation. In short, he was what is called in New England 'a man you can hitch to.' His business, with that of his brother, was the manufacturing and selling of stoves, ranges, grates, and furnaces.

"This much I had known of him for years, before I learned that which put him in a new light before my eyes as 'an example to them that believe,' in permitting God to choose his field of service, and in trusting God utterly in that field. It was at a gathering of representative Christian workers that the question was under

discussion as to a believer's duty to trust God daily in his ordinary business life. This brother arose and quietly gave his testimony, which I repeat in substance without the names which might identify him.

"Speaking of his early personal plans as to Christian service, he said: 'My purpose was to go as a missionary to South Africa. I gave myself to the Lord for that work, expecting and desiring to serve him in that field; but the Lord unmistakably turned me from the foreign missionary field, and put me into the stove business. And now for more than twenty years I have kept at the stove business, with just as firm a conviction that I am carrying that business on for the Lord as I should have if I were in the foreign missionary field in South Africa, where it was my purpose to be.'

"Then he went on to tell us how he had occasion to trust God utterly in the vicissitudes of that business, and again he gave us a lesson. He referred to the great financial panic of 1857, when strong business houses and rich banks in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, were forced to suspend payment; when, in fact, it was not a question of assured credit, but one of immediately available funds with which one could meet his obligations at the bank. Ordinary bank accommodations were for the time being out of the question. All who remember that dark time understand this.

"There came a day when a note of this firm for six hundred dollars was due at the bank, which must be paid before three o'clock, or 'go to protest.' That meant failure. Our friend, the senior partner, exerted himself to the utmost to raise the money. He omitted

no effort in any direction, but every earthly avenue of help seemed closed. Then he went on his knees in the special emergency, as he was accustomed to go day by day in ordinary times, to lay the matter before the Lord in prayer and trust. After this, at about two P. M., he went into his counting room in a composed frame of mind, and met his brother, who asked him what he was going to do in order to meet that note due at three o'clock.

" 'I told my brother,' he said, 'that I had laid the matter before the Lord, telling him that our business was his, and was being carried on now as always for him; that, if he could afford to let it go down, we could. It was for him to say.' At this my brother said, 'That is very well to say, but we've got that note to meet, and we ought to meet it. We must talk sensibly.' I answered, 'Brother, I've done everything in my power already. If you know anything else that I can do, or that you can, let us try it, but, as I see nothing else to do, I leave it with the Lord.'

"Just then there was a knock at the office door. I called, 'Come in.' Our trusted porter entered. He said, 'Mr. Blank, here is six hundred dollars that I've drawn from the savings bank, because I'm afraid of the banks. Won't you take the money, and do with it what you please? I can trust you, if I can't the banks.'

"I took the money, giving him a receipt, and as he closed the door when he went out, I said to my brother, 'John, the Lord doesn't want his business in our hands to go down just yet.' We met that note, and we are still carrying on the Lord's business as he directs."

XXXIV

A PRAYING ENGINEER

A WRITER in a secular monthly gave this tribute to one of the Christians who believe that the words of Jesus, "Ask, and ye shall receive," apply to the routine of daily life:

"It was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of nearly fifty. He ran around his engine with oil-can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. When it came he made a quick motion, seized the lever, and we were off.

"For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities, over switches, crossing bridges, culverts, and through tunnels and viaducts at the terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air-brake. I was not afraid, for I saw he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me, nor at the fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he forced the flying monster forward.

"At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had had enough for a

lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab, and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman. 'Bill, why does he keep moving his lips here at the lever?'

" 'Who—th' old man? Why, don't you know? He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident—the pluckiest man that ever kicked a gaugecock, he is.' "

XXXV

THE FOUNDING OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

ABOUT the year 1830 the heart of Mary Lyon, a teacher in a private school for girls in New England, was stirred by the vision of an endowed institution for young women, under Christian auspices, where those of small means could secure an education on equal terms with their more prosperous sisters.

It was only a vision at first, a vision in which she tried to interest others. But it was hard to convince the public of the desirability of such a school. Religious papers refused to print her letters on the subject. Men of influence turned away from her plans, but she consecrated her life to the work of establishing the school of her vision. She prayed—and from her knees she rose believing that God would enable her to carry her plans to completion. She was offered other schools at large salaries, but she was resolved to do this work, and never to receive more than $200 a year and board.

In 1834 a few friends met in her parlor at Ipswich, Massachusetts, to devise ways and means for founding the proposed school. At this meeting she proposed to raise ten thousand dollars from women, as an initial fund. This engagement she carried out, after much painful effort.

A number of friends united with her in prayer that God would open the hearts of his children in behalf of the school. The prayer was answered. Friends were raised up. One of these remained a large contributor for life. Another, a busy man, gave his entire time for months to the oversight of the erection of the first building.

Mount Holyoke Seminary was incorporated in 1836. The cornerstone was laid in October of that year. The school opened on November 8, 1837, with eighty young women in attendance.

From the first, prayer was Miss Lyon's standby in administering her work, as it had been her recourse in the days of vision. She prayed over every problem. When the first batches of bread were a failure, she prayed. Then she said to the students, who were the bakers, "We can have good bread; we must have good bread. Let us learn together." At last the efforts of teacher and pupils in this direction were crowned with success.

It was necessary to spend much time in the performance of her duties. But Miss Lyon felt it just as necessary to spend much time in prayer. She was careful to observe set seasons for devotion; but these were not sufficient to satisfy her. So she cultivated the habit of praying in the kitchen or wherever she went about her household tasks. "My head seems full of bread, cake, pies, dippers, spoons and clothespins," she said, "but I see 'Holiness to the Lord' inscribed on the buildings and everything pertaining to them."

Together and in private teachers and pupils prayed for the members of the school who were not Chris-

tians. Consequently religious interest was almost continuous in the seminary. In only one season for nine years were the conversions few. One year there were thirty who were not Christians at the opening of the year; twenty-nine were converted during the year, while the thirtieth in after life traced the beginning of her Christian experience to that year at Mount Holyoke. During the third year, of sixty who entered without personal knowledge of Christ, sixty were converted.

In part, this religious atmosphere was traceable to the custom of having a set time for prayer, when each of the students retired to her own lighted prayer closet, set apart for the purpose. Those who wished could use the time in devotion; all were obliged to spend the time without interruption. The knowledge that many others were praying in their closets made even the careless young women serious, and from the first, conversions were the result of those silent hours when the entire school was at prayer.

XXXVI

HOW THE WAGES WERE PAID

A NEW YORK CITY manufacturer of utensils for the dairy trade was short of cash and was unable to extend his credit. The business was prosperous, for orders were coming in briskly. But collections were slow and money conditions were tight.

There came a time when the manufacturer realized that he would not have funds sufficient to pay his men on Saturday afternoon. On Thursday, therefore, he asked his son to make the rounds of the banks in the effort to secure money on his note.

While the son was absent on his errand, the father—though he never went to church and took little interest in religious matters—laid the fact of his extreme need before God. With all his heart he prayed for deliverance from the embarrassments which might result in ruin.

In accordance with his father's request, the son presented his case to one banker after another, but in vain. At evening he was compelled to return to the factory, reporting his failure.

There were still a few bankers to be seen, so on Friday morning he resumed his quest. Again he was disappointed.

Sadly he returned to the office. He had not been at his desk long when a customer from the country

came in—the son was the treasurer of the company—and said he would like to pay a large bill for goods recently bought. The amount was not due for twenty days, but he wished to attend to the matter while he was in the city and could do it in person.

With trembling hand the treasurer received the money, and when the customer had left he went to his father and showed him funds sufficient to meet the next day's demands for wages.

"Where did you get the money?" the father asked. "I thought the banks refused to take our note."

"So they did," was the reply. "But a bill on which we could not have expected payment for three weeks has just been paid in full."

Greatly moved, the father lifted his eyes to heaven, and—with a gesture indicating deep religious emotion—said:

"There is still a God in Israel."

Then he told of the prayer, to which the answer had come so promptly.

XXXVII

IN GOD'S WAY

"O GOD, give me some work to do for thee." This was the prayer of an assistant in a Young Men's Christian Association.

But he did not find his work until one morning he observed a young man enter the reading room, attempt to read two or three papers, then drop his head on his folded arms on the table. His attitude of utter dejection led the seeker for work to go to him and make his acquaintance.

"I am a colporteur of the Canadian Tract Society," was the explanation. "I just came to town. I can do nothing. I might as well give up. I have just wired the house to come and get my wagon. I am going to quit. I do not know what will become of me then."

The assistant's friendly interest won him, and he soon confided the rest of his story.

"My plans have been interfered with from the beginning," he said, "and I don't know where to turn. I lived in Scotland until a little while ago. I became interested in missions. I felt I must go to China. But the young lady to whom I was engaged said she would not have anything to do with me if I was going to be a religious man. She broke the engagement. Then my mother said I must not go to China. I had been taught obedience to parents, so I gave up my plan.

"When she saw how downcast I was she said I might go to Canada. I took her at her word. Here I have tried to do Christian work."

The friendship between the two, which began that day, grew with the passing weeks. Often they talked of the Scotchman's problems, and prayed that the way might yet be opened to go to China, and that he might be reunited to the young woman to whom he had been engaged.

The assistant resigned his position in the Association, and recommended the Scotchman as his successor. The new assistant continued to pray for guidance in his lifework.

Some time later two evangelists came to the town for a series of meetings. Many of the young people became Christians. Soon they organized a Christian Workers' Class, which met at the Y. M. C. A.

Of this class the assistant became the teacher. Naturally, much attention was given to foreign missionary work, for the young teacher was always thinking of the work which he longed to enter.

One evening a young woman brought to the class a stranger in the city. When the teacher saw the visitor he was so startled that he turned the class over to an assistant and left the room.

The visitor proved to be the Scotch girl to whom the teacher had been engaged. She knew the young man was in Canada, but she had no idea she was in the same town with him; her coming to the class seemed to be a mere accident.

In a little while the teacher returned to the class and greeted his friend from home. From that day

the old attachment began to revive. In a few weeks the engagement was renewed.

This was in May, when the young people of the class were eagerly making preparations to attend a Prophetic Conference, to be held in July at a nearby resort. From Sunday to Sunday prayer was offered in the class for a blessing on those who attended the Conference.

At the Conference J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, was on the program. Of course he spoke of the subject nearest his heart—China, and the call for workers.

Among those who listened to him were the members of the young people's class taught by the Scotchman. Later, thirteen of the twenty young people in the class offered to go as missionaries to China. One of them was the Scotch girl, who had broken her engagement because her lover wished to go to China. The young man longed to offer himself and go with her, but he was still held back by his mother's refusal to give consent, and his determination to obey her.

There seemed to be only one thing to do. The girl's duty was clear; so was his own. So the engagement was broken once more. But for what a different reason this time!

And how earnestly the young man prayed for grace to bear the new trial that had come to him, and for the privilege of going to China some day, in accordance with his desire!

On the night when the farewell reception was to be given to the missionary recruits, the Scotchman was on his way to the hall, in company with the friend

who had cheered him and prayed with him in the first days of his despondency.

As they passed the postoffice the Scotchman said: "Might as well get the mail."

He came out of the office with a letter from his mother. With gratitude to God who answers prayer he read this message:

"I have never forgiven myself for interfering with you when you wished to go to China. Whatever is God's plan for you I wish you to do. China is not farther from me than America is. You have my fullest consent if you still wish to go."

That night the happy recipient of this letter offered himself as a missionary. He was accepted. The engagement was a second time renewed. A little later the young man followed his fiancée, and they were married in China.

XXXVIII

HIS FIRST CHRISTIAN SERVICE

A YOUNG man of seventeen was employed in the printing office in a small town. His earnings were needed at home, for his family was poor. But he longed to get away from the printing office into Christian work.

He was especially attracted to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, but there seemed to be no hope of making a beginning in any association.

"I prayed for guidance," the young man—now a famous Christian worker—has said. "Then I asked what arrangements I could make with the home folks. I learned that they could do without my earnings for a time, if I could support myself."

There was a Y. M. C. A. in his home town, but the meager budget made no provision for the salary of an assistant to the secretary. So it did not occur to him that he might work there till the secretary, learning of his desire to enter religious work, said to him:

"We need a helper here, but we have no money to pay him."

Then the way seemed clear. He could board at home; his mother had said so. There would be few other expenses; he would see to that. The few dollars he had would carry him till paying work could be secured.

So he offered to work for nothing, and was engaged

on his own terms. Six months later he discovered that he had but ten cents remaining of the small fund with which he began.

"I guess this means I must go back to the printing office," he sighed.

After finishing his morning's work, he went into an anteroom and laid his problem before God.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "Shall I go back to the printing office, or shall I continue in Y. M. C. A. work? Show me the way to-day, and so plainly that I cannot make a mistake."

As he rose from his knees he heard a man in the office. He hurried out, just in time to receive from the postman a single letter. He opened it—and read a request from an association in a distant city, asking him to become Assistant Secretary, at a good salary!

Arrived at his new place, he was unable to enjoy his work because of conditions in the association which seemed to him impossible. But he saw no way to change them. There were game tables of various kinds in the public rooms, and at these, openly, as well as elsewhere in secret, there was gambling. Although he did not see how this state of affairs could continue without the knowledge of the General Secretary, he ventured to approach the official as if that man were in ignorance.

Then he learned not only that the Secretary did know the state of affairs, but that he was put out at the implied criticism on the part of his assistant. He censured the conscientious man, giving him to understand that the regulation of the establishment belonged to his superior.

"I'll quit," the young man thought. "Since I am out of sympathy with the Secretary, this is no place for me."

But before he decided on his course of action he went to his room and knelt to pray. He did not want to go away from duty, if it was his duty to stay. But was it his duty? What should he do? What could he do?

On rising from his knees the open Bible attracted him. "It was never my habit to open the Bible at random when looking for guidance," he has said. "But I took up the Bible then and opened it. A passage marked in blue ink caught my eye. These were the words:

"For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then will relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house will perish: and who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" (Esther 4:14.)

This seemed to him a direct answer to his prayer. He felt cheered. He knew exactly what to do. He would speak to the General Secretary once more.

On going downstairs he met the Secretary. Before he could say anything, the Secretary said to him:

"I am going home. I have a sore throat. I may not be here to-morrow."

He was not there next day, or ever again as General Secretary. The sore throat became worse, and his physician ordered him to a warmer climate.

Within three weeks the assistant was appointed Acting General Secretary. This office he filled long

enough to correct the abuses which had troubled him, and to give to the association a changed atmosphere which has characterized it from that day to this.

The evidence of new life in the organization enabled him to secure gifts of fifty thousand dollars toward a new building. This sum was the beginning of the fund with which the present quarters were built.

SIX
SOLVING THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE PASTOR

XXXIX

FILLING THE CHURCH TREASURY

A CITY church whose membership was entirely among the poor found difficulty in raising money. The proposition was made to have a bazaar. When this plan was not encouraged by the officers, some of the members said, "Then tell us a plan."

The officers did not know what to suggest. It seemed to them that the people were already giving up to their ability. Yet they knew something more must be done. So they prayed for guidance.

The answer came after a day when two classes in the Sunday school studied a lesson about Joash repairing the temple. They were interested in the story of how Joash first called on the priests to set aside funds from the stated gifts of the people for the necessary work. But when he saw that no progress was made, he had Jehoiada set a chest beside the altar. When the people came into the temple they were invited to hand their free-will gifts to the priests, who were to place them in the chest. So gladly did the people respond that the money was supplied, and the needed repairs were made. The two classes—acting the one without the knowledge of the other—set up miniature chests of Joash to receive voluntary gifts for special work in which they were interested.

When the officers learned of the class chests of Joash, they said, "Let's have a church chest of Joash, and a

month of self-denial to prepare the gifts." So the people were told that a Chest of Joash would be set up in a January Sunday a month ahead. To each member was sent a small envelope with the printed title, "Chest of Joash," on the face. In this every penny set aside through self-denial during January was to be deposited against the date of returning the gifts.

Of four hundred members who received these envelopes, there were not ten who lived in more than three rooms. There were scores who lived in less. Even the three rooms were sometimes found in a house in the middle of the lot, or on the alley. At least one of these rooms was usually so dark that a lamp had to be used at midday. Two members lived in their own modest homes. Three or four others were wives of men (not members) who owned homes. There were probably not ten members who had an income of as much as a thousand dollars a year each.

The call was made for two hundred dollars to be brought in as a result of the month of self-denial. It will be seen that very rigid economy would have to be practiced if the expectation was to be realized. And further economy in homes where there is nothing but economy means privation.

And there was privation in many homes in January. But there was joy as well—the joy that accompanied earnest prayer for the success of the month of self-sacrifice; and because of the joy the privation was not realized.

The financial success of the plan was assured when, on every hand, the people began talking of their gifts. The question was frequently heard: "Are you getting

ready for Joash Sunday?" Pastor and officers, from observations made in prayer meetings, and in the homes of the people, knew that the month of giving would bring a far greater blessing than the payment of a debt. The spiritual blessing it would be impossible to measure.

When Joash Sunday came—the people gave it that name—a chest was placed at the side of the pulpit. During the morning and evening services the people were invited to bring their gifts. An officer stood by the box, and deposited the envelopes. As the pastor looked into the faces of those who came with their gifts, he was greatly moved. For he knew their circumstances. He had learned of their struggles. He knew something of the sacrifices which had made their gifts possible. And as he saw the look of joy on their faces he realized that they had received the blessing which God gives to those who deny themselves for his sake.

One woman was not well. She sent her gift by her little girl. Surely there could not be much in that envelope. The giver was a clerk in a cheap department store, earning five dollars a week. She had, in addition, commissions on sales which amount to perhaps fifty cents a week. Two children were dependent on her. They lived in one room, which had no flue. Their only heat in the winter was from the small gas stove on which they cooked. How much heat a gas range gives those know who use it in summer to avoid the heat of the coal. Think of that on a day when the thermometer stands at fifteen below zero! Three times a day during the month of January the little family lived on oatmeal. The few cents saved from food were placed in the

envelope. The washing, which had been done by a neighbor for twenty-five cents a week, was for four weeks done at home after ten o'clock at night. And when the gift was laid on the altar there were three dollars in the envelope.

A young woman told a friend that she did not know what she could sacrifice. She was already living as economically as she thought she could. Then she remembered the little fund she had been laying by for a new pair of gloves—not kid gloves, but warm woolen gloves to wear as she went to her work in the shop. The old pair had been patched until she thought they would hardly hold together longer. She resolved to mend them a few times more, however, and gave the glove money to the Lord.

A woman was much worried because she could not put aside one cent for the fund. She was not permitted to handle the wages of her husband, or any part of them. She was not strong, and so could do nothing to secure money by her own efforts. Two days before the close of the month, in fear and trembling, she went to her husband. He thought he saw a chance to test her. To her amazement he gave her two dollars to use as she wanted. It was the first sum he had given her freely for many months. She needed it for numberless things. But she did not hesitate. The entire amount found its way to the Chest. And her face was shining as she stood at the altar of sacrifice.

Near the church lived a widow. Two little children kept house for her while she was away all day and every day scrubbing and washing. Living expenses could not be cut beyond a certain point. Every day

she had to have a soup bone in order to have strength for her work. Beyond that, extras could be cut off. Two dollars found the way to the chest.

Many other things might be told—of the new hat which was not bought, and the old dress which was made to do duty for still another season, and the daily paper, the only current literature in the home, which was given up that the Lord's work might go on. But enough has been told to show the spirit which animated the givers.

And the result? Of course there was more than the amount asked for. Had not the people prayed for it? It came—in God's overflowing measure.

But better than the money was the outpouring of God's Spirit which came with the self-denial for his Name's sake.

XL

"I JUST HAD TO GIVE"

WHEN an annual report of a city church was made public, surprise was expressed at the size of the gift of the young people to foreign missions. It was known that it was a church of poor people, and that the members of the young people's society were all wage-earners or housekeepers.

The size of the gift was largely due to one young man who made the initial pledge and the enthusiasm imparted by him to others. The pastor of the church knew this at the time, but it was many weeks before he learned the inspiring history of the gift which encouraged others to make their sacrifices.

It was near the end of the church year. The society had already given fifty dollars, which had been made up by the weekly payment of five cents each by twenty members. But the leader of one of the missionary meetings, inspired to ask that enthusiasm be expressed by sacrifice, proposed that the year's offerings be doubled by pledges made at once to be paid in several weeks. It was a staggering proposition. For a moment the leader wondered if he had asked too much. But just as he was growing discouraged, the young man of whom mention has been made—one of the original twenty subscribers—rose and promised to pay five dollars of the proposed amount.

There was a stir, for it was known that the speaker

was dependent on his own efforts, and that he had just lost his position through the failure of his employers. Where was he to secure the five dollars, then? The question was in the minds of many. This question was followed by another—"If he can give when he is out of work, what of us who have our little weekly income?"

That question was answered by action. A second pledge was made, this time by a young girl from the shoe factory. Then followed a sewing girl, a stenographer and a porter. The chairman of the missionary committee could not take down the names fast enough. Within three minutes the entire amount was pledged.

And the pledges were paid, too. Promptly on time the doubled subscription was forwarded, with thirty dollars additional, given later without solicitation. The treasurer of the society to whom the amount was sent, who knew the circumstances of the young people, later declared that she could hardly go to sleep the night after its receipt, so astonished and delighted was she by the gift.

Now, for the young man whose unexpected pledge of five dollars startled and encouraged the young people. Here is his story, as he told it to his pastor:

"When the leader asked for that money I wanted to give. I didn't know how I could manage it. I had nothing whatever. I was out of work. But I just had to give. Then I set to work to raise the amount. I failed to find steady employment. After a while I was asked to collect some bad bills. They were so bad I did not get many commissions. The day was near when I had promised to pay. There was no prospect—

but the pledge had to be met. I told God all about it, and asked his help in getting the money. Still the days passed, and no money came. But I wasn't discouraged. Why should I be? I was doing my best; it was money for His work I wanted; I knew it would be given to me. At last it was the very day when I must redeem my promise. In the morning I told God I must have the money that day. Then I went out. Looking over my bills, I found that the only bill large enough to give me the needed amount as commission was due from a man who had already driven me from his office twice when I was trying to collect it. I resolved to make one more attempt. That attempt was successful. The man was a lawyer and had just won an important case. He felt so good he smiled at me and paid the disputed bill. And I paid my missionary pledge. God had answered my prayer, as I knew he would."

XLI

HOW ONE BOY WAS REACHED

"HERE, pastor, is a letter you left in the Bible at the morning service. I found it during Sunday school." It was the superintendent who spoke.

"Thank you!" was the minister's word as he received the letter. "I would not like to lose that document. It is from a poor woman out on the farm. Let me read it to you—but first I want to tell you its history, if you have time to listen.

"Some years ago, when I was pastor in A—, I was trying to solve the problem of reaching the boys of the town. Many of those who had been brought up in Christian homes were straying from church and Sunday school, and were becoming boon companions of some of the reckless young men who curse every community. I was making some headway by means of a Boys' Club, but I was not doing what I hoped to be able to do. Day by day I prayed for a further opening.

"Then I received a letter from an anxious mother. She told me that her boy—a good boy he had always been, she proudly declared—had recently left the farm for our little city. He had promised her to be faithful to her teaching. Now that he was gone she could do nothing but pray for him. She asked me to look after him, and save him from the habits which threatened her peace and his happiness.

"I knew the lad. The mother's anxiety was justified.

He was in danger. I resolved to win him, but he was wary, and was not to be caught by any invitation to services or club-meetings. One day, hearing my own son talking of a ball-game to be played that afternoon, and mentioning the name of the country lad as the catcher for one team, I saw my chance. I charged my boy to make friends with that catcher, to walk by the manse with him immediately after the game, and to invite him in to supper when I should give him the signal.

"I was at work in the garden when the two approached, arm in arm, with the dirt of the 'diamond' still on their clothes. As they paused at the gate, I asked about their sport. In a moment we were in the thick of an earnest discussion of the American game. I told of some of our college players and the tight places they helped us out of. When the catcher's eyes were fairly snapping with excitement, I gave my son the signal, and he urged his companion to stop for supper. I seconded the invitation. There was a little hesitation—it probably occurred to him that I was a minister. At length, however, the three of us entered the house together. We got well acquainted that evening.

"A few days later I sent my son around to the catcher's boarding house to invite him—in his own name—to a meeting of the Boys' Club. This invitation also was accepted.

"Then I had to have help. I told one of my elders I wanted him to have a social gathering of our young people in his home, and to invite this lad. He did not know what to make of the request. He loyally agreed,

however, and another step was taken. This was only a beginning. But my quarry had been interested in the Boys' Club, and in our young people. Through him the work for the boys had the enlargement for which I had been longing.

"Years have passed. Some months ago the boy was welcomed to membership in the church. He is now president of the Christian Endeavor Society. Next week he is to be married to the daughter of the elder who, rather unwillingly, entertained him at his home.

"And this letter you have found is from a happy mother down at the farm. She pours out her heart in gratitude to God for his answer to her prayers."

XLII

"CATCH MY PAL"

FIFTY years ago a schoolboy in Armagh City, Ireland, was laughingly called "Roast Missionary" by his companions, who knew of his desire to go to Africa when he became a man. Their good-natured taunts did not make him less anxious to go as a missionary, but circumstances made the fulfillment of his boyhood dream an impossibility.

But he became a missionary of another sort, and right in his home town. As pastor of a church he was much disturbed by the drinking habits of most of the men of Armagh. He gave much thought and prayer to devising plans to start an effective temperance crusade among them, but his efforts were unsuccessful until one evening in July, 1909, his attention was called to six men who stood talking around a lamp-post on the main street. A passer-by laughingly challenged him to persuade those men to sign the pledge. He accepted the challenge, and approached the men, one of whom had been drinking liberally, as the day before had been a holiday.

He was a man who knew how to persuade others, so it was not long till they agreed to take the pledge. But he would not allow them to do it as they wished. They must not come to him at once, and they must not come alone. He felt that if they would take time to think

of the act they proposed, and would then come to him together and sign in the presence of one another, there might be more hope of their keeping the pledge. Reluctantly they agreed to his plan, and promised to be at his home three nights later.

Anxiously the minister waited for the time appointed. Would the men come? If they should come together, he felt there would be some assurance that his work with them would be of permanent value.

To his delight the six men came on Friday evening. When they were ready to take the pledge, he had an inspiration.

"Men, I'll not let any one of you take the pledge to-night unless each one of you undertakes to go out and catch another fellow and come back with him on to-morrow night week at nine o'clock. There are six of you to-night; and there will be twelve the next night; and there will be twenty-four the next; forty-eight the next; and ninety-six the next; and in a few weeks we shall have the whole countryside."

Eagerly the six men agreed to the terms proposed, signed the pledge, and went out.

Then followed an anxious week, which came to an end when there was a knock at the door. On the step stood eleven men. One of the first six was detained at home by illness, but he had secured his man, according to promise. The six newcomers were among the greatest drinkers in the city. But they all signed the pledge, and agreed, each one, to bring in his man.

The eleven men were formed into a society that night, and the name chosen was "The Armagh Protestant Total Abstinence Union." While this was the

dress-parade name, "Catch-my-pal" became the popular name, and as "Catch-my-pal" Patterson the minister became known. The nickname of the society was accepted in consequence of the leader's appeal to the eleven men to go out and catch their pals and bring them to him on the following Monday night at half-past nine o'clock. At once he saw that his men had caught fire. Around the table in the dining-room they knelt down and asked for God's blessing on their efforts.

The prayer was answered. On Monday evening there was again a knock at the door. The men walked in in Indian file. A woman member of the church was calling at the time. When she heard the sound of the tread of marching feet in the hall she came to the door of the room and stood there while thirty-one men wheeled round her into the room and took up positions all around it. She learned why they were there, and she hurried out to tell the news. Next day the whole town knew what was going on.

The next meeting was appointed for the schoolroom, as the dining-room had become too small for the crowd.

Four nights later one hundred and five men in a body walked into the schoolroom. Every newcomer took the pledge. Then, at the call of their leader, they stood with clenched fists and spoke the battle cry of the new movement, "We will see this thing through."

They have been seeing it through. Nearly every man in Armagh was brought in. The county and surrounding towns became interested. England and Scotland caught the fever from Ireland. The minister had to resign his church and give his entire time to the campaign.

Within three years one hundred and fifty thousand men signed the pledge. Perhaps half of these were drinking men. The abstinence of these wage-earners has transformed villages and towns.

And all because of the prayers of a consecrated pastor, and God's blessing on the efforts of men to work for another.

XLIII

GETTING THE BULL-DOG GRIP

AFTER leaving the seminary a young minister became pastor of a small church in a town where conditions were somewhat trying, but not more so than in hundreds of other similar places. For a few months he was content, but because there was no speedy evidence of progress he became restless, and began to think of going to another field.

At once he began to watch the columns of the religious papers, with their records of attractive churches without pastors. He asked friends to interfere in his behalf. He prayed earnestly that God would open the way for him to leave his deadening, hopeless surroundings.

Thus a year passed. Still there were no evidences of life or growth in the church. In later years he could see that this was not strange in view of his own state of mind.

Several times he had opportunities to leave the church for other fields; but, when it came to the moment of decision, he could not go. This puzzled him. He wanted to go. Then why didn't he go?

God used three things to show him what was wrong, and answered his prayer by giving him exactly what he did not ask for.

The first was an old volume in which a young man

told of his journey down the Delaware River in a sloop that was becalmed on a very warm day. How the sun did beat down upon the deck! There was no shelter, unless one would go into the stifling cabin.

Longingly the young man looked at the bank, where there was shade under the great trees. He begged the captain to send him ashore.

The captain advised him not to change his quarters, assuring him that he was better off where he was. But the passenger insisted so strenuously that the captain sent him ashore. Once on land he dismissed the boat, and threw himself down under a tree. Within two minutes he wished himself back on the sloop; the ground was marshy, and the mosquitoes were so thick as to make life a burden. There was, however, no help for it; he had to stay where he was until sundown.

The second thing that showed the young minister his error was a hen—a plain, everyday, barnyard hen.

One morning, when he was too much discouraged to study, a physician gave his pastor an invitation to drive with him on his morning round. At the first stop he was left to hold the horse while the physician was in the house. The waiting man's attention was attracted by a number of hens that seemed to be very active; they would scratch a moment in one place, then hurry to another, and another, and another. Seldom would they pick up anything; their toil was fruitless.

But there was one old hen that scratched persistently in one place. The head was constantly lowered to pick up tidbits seen by the sharp eyes. Still the

dirt flew, until the fowl was in a hole of its own digging, four or five inches deep. As this hole grew deeper, the digger's satisfaction seemed to increase.

The doctor had a silent companion during the drive home. The minister was thinking of the old hen, and making application to his life of the lesson learned in the barnyard.

The last thing that enforced the lesson was an editorial article, entitled "The Bull-Dog Grip." It began:

"Probably 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster' is not read so often now as formerly, which is a pity, for it is a sturdy and a delightful book; and therefore it is likely that few students of the present have the inspiration in their studies that I gained when I was in college, from that bulldog scene. It was a simple enough scene, merely the picture of a bulldog getting that grip upon a raccoon which never lets go until the 'coon is dead; but it made a profound impression upon the Hoosier schoolmaster; as he watched it, the spirit of the bulldog got into him, he set his teeth, he conquered the refractory school, and he won his way through other perils that were worse, and all because of the bulldog's jaws."

The mosquito-bitten young man, the scratching hen, and Bud Mears's bulldog set the minister to thinking—yes, and to praying. As a result he soon ceased to make a prayer for a new field; instead he prayed:

"Lord, I've done with praying to get away from this church. When you want me to go, make it so plain that I can make no mistake. Let the invitation come without my having a hand in bringing it, and without the interference of a friend in my behalf!"

The result? What might have been expected.

Almost at once there was evidence of new life in the church. It began to grow. Spiritual life deepened. Missionary gifts were increased in a surprising fashion.

So four fruitful years were spent. Then came the specific answer to the revised prayer in a call about which there was no room for mistake.

XLIV

GOD SENT HIM TO THE CONFERENCE

IT is sometimes difficult to realize how near God is to us in the problems which are temporal and material, especially those which are related to dollars and cents, but if we believe that prayer is an actual force, we certainly can meet immediate responsibilities in such matters.

"Many years ago," writes John Timothy Stone, D.D., "I was exceedingly anxious to attend a religious gathering in a city some forty miles from my parish. I knew the men who were to conduct that conference would influence my future life, and yet I had no money to go, and did not believe it was right to borrow funds for the purpose.

"The train I must take was due at four o'clock. I went out of my home at three o'clock, saying to my wife, 'I may go, and I may not. If I do go, I will be back on the late night train. Otherwise, I will be back by four-thirty. If I am not here, you may take it for granted I have gone.'

"As I left the house I asked God to direct me, and promised that I would implicitly follow his direction, making no effort of my own to secure the funds needed.

"As I walked toward the station, I met a man whom I had seen but once before in my life. He stopped, called me by name, and said, 'Did you not conduct the

funeral of Mr. Blank some two months ago?' I said, 'I did.' 'Well,' he continued, 'I'm not a religious man; I never go to church. But I want to tell you that he was my brother-in-law, and I have always felt that I owed you something, and I can't feel right with my conscience unless you accept this.'

"And he handed me a ten-dollar bill.

"I immediately went to the station, purchased a ticket, and went to the religious gathering, where I received one of the blessings of my life."

XLV

A CHALLENGE AND THE RESULT

THE youthful and timorous pastor of a feeble Presbyterian church in a village in the Middle West, found himself baffled soon after the beginning of his work there. He discovered that the church had long been harried by its leading elder, whose methods were those of a political boss. Everything in the church's life seemed daubed by his touch. Dreading contest with so adroit and expert a foe, the pastor soon resigned and left. Two years later he was recalled, under circumstances which left him no choice but to accept. On his return he found that charges had been brought against this elder for some minor breach of financial morals, and some months later he was deposed by presbytery. The deposed elder then hired the columns of the village paper and for three weeks poured on the church and its members column after column of slanderous abuse, which was utterly without foundation. New charges were then preferred against him, and he was excommunicated. Once more the man redoubled his abuse in the local newspaper, closing with a challenge, in substantially these terms:

"Put this matter to a test! You Presbyterians are praying for a revival. If revival comes, you are proved right, and I wrong. If not, I am right and you wrong, as I have said. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' "

The annual "Week of Prayer" came soon after, and special services were announced for that week, "to continue longer should circumstances justify." Meantime there was much earnest prayer by pastor and people—neither of whom had ever had any experience of "revival" in the conventional sense of the term. The petitions and intercessions of five years seemed now to reach a climax. The first night, Sunday, the house was well filled—beyond any precedent for evening service in that church, or in the experience of that pastor. An unusual proportion of men was in the audience. In the front pew sat a man commonly spoken of as "the wickedest man in town"; it was a "dry" town, and he had a vineyard whose product he made into wine and sold surreptitiously, claiming that only so could he make his vineyard pay. Next night he was again present. At that time he rose and announced his conversion and Christian purpose. By Saturday night there were fifteen accessions to the little church, and during the ensuing two weeks, fourteen more. Neither before nor since has either that church or that pastor experienced so sudden and decisive a work of grace.

The pastor who had had to return to his post to atone for his premature and cowardly departure, now remained there in quiet usefulness for several years. "Meanwhile," as he says in telling of the incident, "he had learned at least this one important lesson—that effective prayer involves unquestioning obedience to divine Providence amid all the perplexities of life. Providence and the Holy Spirit are in holy conspiracy to carry on the work of redemption. The Christian

must keep his eyes open as well as his heart warm. Common sense must go hand in hand with devotion. One must act wisely as well as pray fervently—and must pray fervently as well as act wisely. To isolate prayer from Providence is to dislocate and disable the body of piety. Life is a complex thing. The God who answers prayer walks by our side through all its twists and turns. Sometimes the answer tarries until hearts are fully loyal and acts right, until events have ripened, and until the Father is recognized in events. But amid all the infirmities and errors of his people his forbearance attends them, and if they are faithful at heart their continued and concerted prayer will prove effective."

In all prayer there is a largeness which makes it impotent in the hands of puny souls, of selfish hearts, and of all who are self-willed and self-centered; but in the hands of the earnest, the sincere, the alert, the obedient and submissive, the devout and faithful, the courageous and single-minded, it becomes that fit vehicle which God has ordained and elaborately ordered through which to transmit life to men.

SEVEN
SOUL-WINNING

XLVI

HOW SEVEN DEVILS WERE CAST OUT

DURING the Bible Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, in August, 1902, a remarkable service was held. At sunset fifteen hundred people gathered on the hillside to hear the life-stories of seven reformed drunkards and criminals who had left their rescue-mission work in six cities just to tell the story of how seven devils were cast out in answer to prayer.

It was a brief service. Five minutes only were allotted each speaker. Not a moment was wasted. The tales of shame and despair and threatened doom, of hope and peace and the love of God, poured in rapid succession from eager lips, while the listening hundreds lifted their hearts as one man in praise to God.

When Rev. S. H. Hadley, of New York City, stepped to the front of the platform, he was singing,

> "Jesus sought me when a stranger,
> Wandering from the throne of God."

Instantly from the hillside the word was caught up, and the solo became a chorus,

> "O, how I love Jesus!"

"I have heard of a man in London," Mr. Hadley began, "who found fault with the mud. A man named Ruskin dipped up a handful of mud from the gutter, and said:

" 'In this mud one element is sand, and from sand you have the opal; a second element is clay, which goes to make the sapphire; still a third element is soot, and soot goes to make the diamond. And that is all there is to mud except water. Surely you won't find any fault with water!'

"Now," continued Mr. Hadley, "that is just what we seven men are—analyzed mud. I am saved from whisky and tobacco and everything that is bad. I used to be an old, whisky-soaked bum around the streets of New York, and Jesus Christ came and sought me out. I have been saved twenty-three years, three months, and twenty-six days to-night."

Then came W. V. Wheeler, of Indianapolis. "I stand here a sinner saved by grace," he began. "I was left motherless at six, and soon after was thrust out into the world. I drifted away from mother's prayers, and became a rebel against God, but mother kept on praying. Thirty-four years ago last February I found myself a poor, lost man, hopeless and helpless. I had spent my young days brushing up against the wicked world.

"Just then I heard an old man tell of Jesus and salvation. 'There is something I have never tried,' I thought. Something in me said, 'Try it.' I fell down on my knees and cried, 'Lord, if you can do anything for a man like me, do it.' From that day I wanted to point others to the love of God. My first thought was to go and tell my old companions. Soon I was found in the prisons and on the streets telling men of Christ.

"Nine years ago the last Fourth of July, at four

o'clock P. M., I cried: 'Lord, there is something more for you to do. I want it. I don't know what it is. But I am yours. Come to me and give it.' Then came to me an intense zeal for men. In October following, God led me into the rescue work. On the second night of that work we had our first convert. Since that night more than 2,750 drunkards have confessed Christ at the altar of that mission. Let all honor be given to Jesus!"

At this moment S. H. Hadley called out, "Let us all stand up before it is too dark for the people to see what a set of men we are." As the seven miracles of grace stood a moment, Mr. Hadley began singing,

> "Hallelujah, 'tis done; I believe on the Son,
> I am saved by the blood of the crucified One."

Thousands joined in with great ardor, though the voices of some were trembling with emotion. Some were too much shaken to sing at all.

Colonel H. H. Hadley, of New York City, followed. "It is a great thing for a drunkard to be converted, because his appetite is taken away when he is converted. If a man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature. All things become new—even his breath. Whom the Son sets free, he is free indeed. Hallelujah!

"I began to drink as a lad in the army. I was a drunkard when I came out. I struggled against the appetite, but it had fastened on me with bands of iron and hoops of steel. I said to myself one morning, 'I'll try to-day; and, if I can't do without drink to-day, I'll die.' That day I took fifty-three drinks. So I determined to go to my brother, S. H. Hadley, at the mission

in New York, and then commit suicide in the East River.

"But I saw Jesus at the mission. I believe it was a miracle as much as any Christ ever performed. That night I fell in love with Christ. O Jesus, how I love Thee! I have loved him ever since. My appetite is gone. I used to get up in my sleep and go to a closet for a drink. All this went, and profanity with it.

"I was soon drawn into work in Dr. Rainsford's parish, and later in St. Bartholomew's. Then I traveled up and down through the country. I have done mission work in 283 towns. I have prayed with over 38,000 drunkards. I have spoken in 380 different churches. In this day when there are 250,000 saloons in the country, when 100,000 men are going down to drunkards' graves every year, it is time for a non-political total-abstinence movement which plants the cross right in the center."

John Callahan of Duluth, Minnesota, quoted Mark 5:4: "And no man could tame him." "I was motherless at six years of age. Father placed me in the Episcopal half-orphan asylum in New York City. When ten years old, I got my liberty. I began selling papers and blacking boots. My stand was at the Grand Central Depot. There I sold papers to Henry Ward Beecher, Chauncey M. Depew, John D. Rockefeller, and Cyrus W. Field. I spent many years here, and gradually drifted into crime. I used to go along Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue, pulling locks, entering the houses, and stealing the silver off the tables. Finally our gang became so bold that we would back up an express wagon to the curb and fill it with the swag.

"I was some time in the Reform School. Later I was an office boy in the Grand Central Depot. I stole from my employer, and had to skip out. Then I went to Chicago, and became a companion of thieves. I was in the county jail, and at Joliet. I committed crimes in five States. Six times I was in the county jail. During my confinement in Chicago, Mrs. George R. Clark, whose husband was then head of the Pacific Garden Mission, visited the prison and gave tracts to us fellows. One day she spoke to me. Then she knelt and prayed for me. As she prayed, my companion in the upper bunk scoffed at us. Two years later he was hanged.

"On my release I went to Minnesota. Another crime sent me to prison. One day, at the door of a mission, a printed invitation was put into my hands. I crumpled it in my fists and rushed off to a dive. There I got drunk. Next morning I searched my pockets, and found the crumpled invitation.

"I said to my companion, a light-weight pugilist, 'Patsy, you and I ought to go there to-night and hear about Jesus.' I went to the mission. When the meeting was thrown open, a man who had been in prison told what Jesus had done for him. I asked the man next to me if he spoke the truth. He said, 'Yes.' 'If he has been saved, then there is hope for me,' I exclaimed.

"Next night I was back there. When the invitation was given, I went forward. 'I want to get in touch with Jesus,' I cried. When I went to my lodging-house that night, I prayed for the first time since I was a baby at mother's knee. Then I put my shoe

under my pillow, with the Testament they had given me, to remind me to pray next morning. In the morning I found only one shoe, and that sent me to my knees.

"Next day I was arrested. I was told to leave town. But Jesus told me to stay and help him. Again I was arrested. The papers got hold of my story. Ministers heard about me, and interceded for me. The mayor said if I behaved myself I might stay. I worked for Mr. Pillsbury by day, and preached in the jails and on the streets of the city by night. I was chargeable to no man.

"It is nine years the twenty-eighth of last December since Jesus saved me. Thank God that what handcuffs couldn't do, what the prison cell couldn't do—for no man could tame me—Jesus Christ did, and I am tamed."

Rev. W. M. Bruce, of Louisville, Kentucky, said:

"I have never known the bitter lot of the criminal. But I do know the thraldom of strong drink. I know also that Christ saved me. There are two men here to whom my heart goes out, Brother Hadley and Mr. Wharton. One day in New York Dr. Wharton put his arms around me, and told me the Lord could save me. I refused to listen, and went back to my old ways. Then Hadley took me, and pointed me to the Lamb of God, and said, 'You have backslidden, but Jesus is ready to receive you.' I came through. In a mysterious way—I cannot tell how—God has led me to peace and contentment. He has given me a mission in life. At the Louisville Rescue Mission in the last nineteen months 1,800 hopeless, depraved, sorrowing men

have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus. How God pays when you work for him!"

M. E. Trotter, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, declared himself the youngest of the seven. "It is only five and a half years since I was saved. I went to the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, intending to go to the lake directly afterward. I had lost everything. I had gone down gradually. I fought every step of the way. I thought I could win the fight. But I couldn't stay sober. I never thought of being a sinner. I had never heard the gospel. I had been pinched for shooting an Irishman when I was fourteen. I played the race-courses, working the shell game. My trouble was whisky.

"I went to a place where there were no saloons. I settled down and learned the barber's trade. I married a beautiful wife, and kept clean for a year. My wife's people had money. I got hold of that and spent it. While it lasted I did not work. Then I went wrong. One day I left my two-year-old little one at home with my wife, without comforts, and went on a drunk. On my return I found the baby lying dead. Then I felt I was a murderer.

"I got hold of $225 crooked money, and with a companion left home. I was in Missouri then; so I said to my wife, 'I'm going across the river, and when I get straightened up, I'll send for you.' 'No,' she said, 'you'll never do anything till God saves you. When he saves you, you send, and I will come. He will save you, for I am never going to give up praying for you.'

"Soon I lost everything. I sold my clothes for whisky. I was a hobo on a train going through Illinois,

and hadn't enough clothes to flag a hand-car. When I got to Chicago, I went to the Pacific Garden Mission. The story told me by a converted drunkard attracted me. I turned to the man next to me, and asked, 'Say, who's the guy that's speaking?' 'He is on the square,' was the answer. So I said to him, 'Why are you here like this if Jesus can do that?'

"When Harry Monroe invited us forward, I was the first one to go. I rushed over people trying to get there first. Bless God, I found Jesus. What became of the whisky? I don't know.

"I didn't know any more about the Bible than a jack-rabbit does about ping-pong. But I took the Testament Harry gave me, and read it. Then I believed the promises as I read them.

"Talk about how to reach the masses! Lift up Jesus; he will reach them!"

Next came Harry Monroe himself. "I came into the world a sinner. I couldn't help that. I came an Irishman, too; neither could I help that. You see I was handicapped.

"I had a lovely home. The sweetest woman who ever lived was my wife. I blush to recall where I went, but my heart beats to think how Jesus saved me. When an Irishman goes wrong, he goes wrong all over. You have heard men say, 'I'd give my right arm if I could forget the past.' Well, I'd give the world to-night—even if it was a vast ball of gold—if I could say I had never gone wrong. I was a crooked man. I was what they call a night man. I was a burglar. What a trade! To go in the night into peaceful homes to rob and maybe to kill!

"And I was a gambler and a hopeless drunkard. Four or five times a year I would go on a big drunk. For fifteen years my good New England mother prayed for me. On festive occasions my picture was turned to the wall by other members of the family, but my mother went to her room and prayed while the rest ignored me.

"One night I was almost dead. It was just after a seven weeks' spree. The devil had kept me on the run for three years. Ask if there is a personal devil—why, I know there is! The night I speak of I was on Clark Street in Chicago in a 'free-and-easy.' You know the kind—platform at one end of the basement, bar at the side, singing, drinking, sin of all sorts. How sick I was! I know now that God was dealing with me. I took a huge beer glass into a corner and tried to think, but I had lost the power to think.

"I was just out of prison. 'What am I coming to?' I cried. I was twenty-seven and in such a place. Then the Spirit of God came and touched my heart and turned me back. I went out on the street. It was February. I had sold my overcoat, and I was weak. As I stumbled along Van Buren Street, I heard singing. Christ was in that music. I went into the room where the music was and sat down. I heard Colonel Clark preach the gospel with tears in his eyes. He came and took my hand, and said, 'Jesus loves you.' 'If you knew who you were talking to, you wouldn't waste your time on such a man,' I answered.

"Then he just put his arms around me, and knelt down with me. I couldn't say anything but what the publican said—'God be merciful to me a sinner.' That

moment the power of God took me. That moment I became a new man.

"Men said, 'He won't stand.' I prayed at home. The night I found God I was in and out of my cot fifty times, praying.

"Next morning with a drunkard is awful. I stood on the corner. The music had stopped. Colonel Clark was gone. But Christ stood with me.

"I went into the coal business—with a basket. I wasn't in it wholesale. I was retail! I was self-sustaining from that night. Business prospered. I sent for mother. I have a beautiful home now. There are flowers in the front yard. There are flowers in the back yard. There are flowers all around.

"For twenty-two years God has kept me. What prison bars could not do, what policemen's clubs could not do, what mother's prayers could not do—one word from Christ did; it set me free forever."

XLVII

PRAYER AND WORLD-WIDE EVANGELISM

WHEN Mr. John R. Mott, returning from an evangelistic trip to the Orient, was asked the secret of his wonderful success in reaching the unsaved, his answer was, "Prayer." In like manner Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D., emphasizes the fact that the marvelous results of the meetings conducted by him in Great Britain were definite answers to specific prayers, on his first great evangelistic tour.

This is the story of the birth of the meetings as given by Dr. Torrey:

"Perhaps five years ago at the close of a wonderful week of prayer at the Bible Institute in Chicago, the superintendent of the woman's department came to me and said, 'Can we close this week of prayer? Ought we not to keep right on throughout the year and meet one night every week to pray for a mighty revival throughout the world?' I consulted the faculty, and they all agreed. We appointed one night a week, when, at first, three or four hundred people met to pray for such a revival. After we had been praying for a few weeks there happened what we thought of course would happen. Some people who wanted to realize on their investment of prayer at once began to come to us and say, 'When is the revival coming? We don't see it. Do you see it? How long are you going to

keep praying?' We told them we would keep praying till it came."

One night after they had been praying some years a little group began to pray after the general meeting was over. This had been going on for perhaps a year or two longer when, at one of these after-meetings, the Spirit of God—as Dr. Torrey tells the incident—came to him, and prompted him to make a prayer of which he had never thought before. He asked that he might be sent around the world preaching the gospel. "And when I had ceased praying, I knew I was going," is his testimony. He did not know how he could go; he had important work to do at home. But he realized that, since the call was from God, the way would be opened.

Some time after this dedication he observed two men in constant attendance on the morning lectures at the Institute. One day they asked for an interview, and told him that they had been sent from Australia to seek, in England or America, for an evangelist to visit their country, and had decided to ask him to undertake the work. Dr. Torrey, however, did not see his way clear to accept the invitation, and it was only after months of thought and prayer that he decided to go. Then an imperative summons was received by cable, and he promised to obey.

When this decision was reached, five thousand letters were mailed to earnest Christians in all parts of America, with the request that daily prayer be offered by the recipients for the success of the projected campaign. Thousands of answers promised as many daily prayers.

Then, from the first, there was prayer in Australia. When the visitors who had come to America in search of an evangelist returned home, one of them carried with him a copy of Dr. Torrey's little book, "How to Pray." This he handed to a Christian woman in Melbourne. After reading it she was impressed with the thought, "Pray Through!" which was emphasized in one chapter. She talked over the chapter with the bearer of the book, and they two decided to organize a prayer circle. About thirty united with them in prayer for a world-wide revival. Other prayer circles grew out of this. On Dr. Torrey's arrival in Melbourne he was informed by the committee that two thousand prayer meetings were being held each week.

No wonder the meetings which had behind them such a history of prayer were a wonderful success. In Hawaii, in Japan, in China, in New Zealand, in Australia, in England, Scotland, and in Ireland, men and women by hundreds and thousands accepted Christ. Prayer had prevailed.

XLVIII

A KETTLE OF BEER

ONE night at the close of the prayer meeting one of the members of the church came to his pastor saying, "We have a hard case for Saturday night."

The speaker was a man of about fifty who was deeply interested in reaching men for Christ. He had given many an hour after his day's work was done to calling on men and giving them the gospel invitation. His equipment for such work was not what many would call even passable. He was born on the other side of the sea. His entire schooling was obtained in a night school in this country after he was married. He was not a fluent talker. But he did have the experience of Christ's power to save, for he was a redeemed drunkard, snatched "from the very mouth of hell," to use his own words. He prayed every day for power for personal victory and for service. He gave the Bible a daily place in his life. He was in earnest about the King's business, and he had the courage to "tackle a hard proposition."

He explained what he meant by saying he had "a hard case for Saturday night." He knew a man who for thirty-four years had been a slave to alcohol. In all that time the days were few in which he did not have at least one drink. He had no use for the church and had angrily told his wife not to bring anyone

around to talk religion to him. This particular week he had been on a ten-days' spree, with the usual result of bad temper and unreasonableness, and so was in no condition for anyone to reason with him. One night the church member saw him come in his bare feet to the gospel tent and call his wife out of the meeting. Learning from her who he was, the worker arranged to call on Saturday night, when the wife hoped her husband might be sober again.

With a companion the worker visited that home Saturday night. Everywhere was written the story of drink. There was no carpet on the floor. The rooms were empty, the walls bare. The house had been practically stripped by thirst for drink. The man the visitors sought was just returning from the saloon with a kettle of beer. Entering by the back door he left the kettle in the kitchen just as the visitors entered by the front door. In his tattered clothes and bare feet he received his callers with a grin.

When the three men were seated, the soul-winner told the drinker of his own life, and of the depths to which he had fallen. He told of the impression made on him by the appeal of his little three-year-old daughter and of how God in his mercy had lifted him out of his sin and given him power to overcome temptation.

"I know what it is like," continued the worker. "I can tell you what your first thought is when your last nickel is gone. You think, 'Where is my next drink coming from?' "

The man acknowledged that this was true.

The second worker quoted the promises of God to the sinner and suggested the joy of the Christian life.

The man was deeply impressed, but at the same time, to use his own words, he was thinking "how flat that kettle of beer is getting out there in the kitchen."

He was urged to come to the tent meeting the following night. Hoping to get rid of his callers before the beer became too flat, he promised to do so.

The drinking man kept his word. He was at the tent, but he continued his drinking until Tuesday night. At the meeting that night the message of the preacher, the thought of the words of the men who had visited him, and the hymn, "Yield not to temptation, . . . He will carry you through," brought home to him his sin and his helplessness. He raised his hand as a declaration of his acceptance of Jesus Christ. He said afterwards, "They persuaded me to go to the tent, and I found Christ."

The following day a fellow-workman offered him a drink from his flask. "No, Mike," he said, "I don't drink any more." In astonishment Mike asked what he meant. The convert replied again, "I am not drinking any more."

The following Sunday he stood up in the men's meeting at the church he had not attended for years and told in a few pointed words of his faith in Jesus Christ. The next Sunday he asked the pastor what he must do to join the church. Then he asked that he be received at the earliest possible moment. "I want to do my whole duty," he explained. Soon he was among the personal workers at the tent, speaking to others of what Christ had done for him.

A few days later his little daughter said to her mother, "Mamma, papa used to be cross when he came

home and drove us away from him; now he puts his arms around me and loves me."

While walking home one evening with one of God's aged saints the worker's pastor was talking of what the Lord had done for this man. With tears in his eyes the old man said, "I have prayed for that man every day since the prayer-list cards were given out at the church about two years ago."

He had not seen the man for a year and did not know where he lived! But the Lord found him and answered that prayer.

XLIX

HOW GOD USED A "FAILURE"

THE pastor of an English-speaking church in one of the seaport cities of the Orient was much troubled because there were so many demands on his time that he was not always able to give as much attention as he wished to the preparation of his sermons. There were cultured men and women in his congregation; he felt he owed it to them to polish and repolish his work.

"One week," he said in a letter, "the interruptions were more trying than usual. As day after day passed and I was unable to find even an hour for my sermons, I began to wonder whether I had not mistaken my calling. If I were a careful, methodical worker, should I not be able to handle the various claims on my time in such a way that sermons would not suffer? I seriously thought of giving up the ministry.

"Finally Sunday came. I went into the pulpit with very inadequate preparation. My heart was heavy as lead. The last thing before facing my people I talked to God about it. I said something like this: 'Father, you know just how I am fixed. You know why I am so poorly prepared. Grant that to-day, in spite of inadequate preparation, I may so speak that I may not bring too much discredit on you. And I promise that hereafter I'll try harder than ever to fit in my duties so that none of my work shall suffer.'

"I made the miserable failure I dreaded. As I went from the pulpit, I was ashamed to look at my people. A day in the doleful dumps followed.

"Then a young man came to see me. I felt like denying myself to him. I did not feel like talking with anyone. But, thank God, I did ask him into the study. When we were alone, he told me that he had led a wicked life, and that sermons had never seemed to affect him, but that the Sunday before I had presented the truth in such a way that he could not get away from it. Would I pray with him, and help him to get right with God?

"Would I pray with him? How could I do anything but pray when my heart, downcast so long, was bursting with desire to say something in gratitude to God? Before we separated the young man gave his heart to Christ.

"But that was not all. The following evening he returned, bringing with him a friend, whom he introduced by saying, 'I've been talking with Jim here, and I find that he, too, was hit hard by what you said the other night. He wants a talk with you.'

"God had given me two souls as my hire for that evening when I failed. How happy I was! I was to be happier, however. Before the week was done three more young men told me that they had found their Lord through God's blessing on my words that Sunday. And I thought I had failed!"

That was the end of that pastor's thought of giving up his work as a minister. "Since God can use a failure in such a wonderful way as that, I'm not going to worry about the failure I may make, if only I'm

honestly trying to do my best," the minister said in conclusion. "I'll receive anxious callers if God sends callers, or prepare sermons if he gives me time for the sermon-preparation. God can have me to use as he wants. I'm his man from henceforth."

L

IN THE EXACT ORDER

AN earnest Sunday school teacher was much troubled because none of the six members of his class had given any evidence of more than passing interest in his teaching. Eagerly he had waited for some response to his appeals, but his waiting seemed vain.

He wondered what was wrong. Was he wrong? Was his method of teaching wrong? Should he persuade some one else to take the class? It was specially important that these girls should become Christians, for their home surroundings were most unfavorable. He felt that their conversion would probably mean the ultimate transformation of the homes. Then was it not his duty to turn the work over to some one whose words would have more effect than his?

However, he decided to retain the class a little longer and make further efforts. He began to pray for the young people as he had never prayed before. He prayed for them by name, pleading God's promise as he mentioned each one. Then he felt he must have the assistance of others. So he wrote the names of the girls in the order which had become familiar as he prayed for them. A copy of this list he gave to each one of the elders of the church, with the plea that they would add their petitions to his. So from that day

there were five men praying for the six girls. For two months the prayers were made. In the meantime the anxious teacher taught the Sunday school lesson Sunday after Sunday with new zeal, asking the Holy Spirit to guide him in his work. At fitting times he spoke to each of the girls in private, urging them to decide to live for Christ. His heart was glad as he saw some evidence of response. But he hardly dared to hope that the answer to his prayers and the prayers of his associates was to come so fully and so completely as it did.

He had told the girls of the approaching communion service, and had explained about the meeting of the pastor and elders to talk with those who wished to become members of the Church. Several assured him that it was their purpose to attend the meeting. But his joy was boundless when he learned not only that every one of the six applied that night for admission to the Church, but that their statement of reasons for taking the step was so satisfactory that at once their names were entered on the church roll.

With shining eyes the teacher examined the roll. Thankfully he read the names. Not one was missing!

As he read the list a second time he noted with wonder the fact that the names—which had been written in the order of the appearance and examination of the owners before the session—were in the exact order in which he had named them hundreds of times in prayer, the order in which he had placed them on the list written for those who had promised to add their prayers to his!

LI

A DUMB MAN SPEAKS

IN 1904 the Associated Press despatches from Chicago related a startling story of a young man who had been stricken deaf and dumb while blaspheming God. Some who noted this item feared to make use of it until assured of the truth of the statements made. These persons were interested when they read of the following facts which were learned after careful investigation by Dr. James M. Gray, and by several workers at the Moody Institute, Chicago.

Julian Renfro, whose home was in Shreveport, Louisiana, was a druggist's clerk. He had been in Chicago for ten months preparing himself for the medical profession, and working as shipping clerk in a tannery, for purposes of support. Friends and acquaintances bore witness to his excellent character; they said he had always been sober, honest, and industrious.

On the evening of May 31 he was playing whist with several of his companions, when religion became the subject of conversation. One of the players declared his belief in God, whereupon Mr. Renfro said it was impossible for him to believe in God's existence, much as he would like to do so. He said he had read too much of Ingersoll's works and other skeptical literature. Then he added:

"But if God should demonstrate himself to me in

some unmistakable manner—if, for instance, he should strike me deaf or dumb or blind—I might admit his existence."

The record is that the words were "no sooner spoken than the speaker turned pale, his arms shot out in front of him, and his lips began to move convulsively. The next instant he fell forward on the floor unconscious."

Here is the opinion of the attending physician, who was sent for immediately, as written some weeks later to an inquiring minister:

"The account as given in the daily press is correct. The man was yet on the floor when I arrived, and did not talk. He said in writing he could not hear. I gave it as my opinion that it was but a passing nervous attack, functional only; but, as he has not regained either faculty yet, it puts a different phase on the matter.

"Scientifically, it is hard to explain his affliction, since he lost both hearing and speech; for the centers in the brain which control these two faculties are not close together, and there are centers in between these two which preside over senses and faculties which he did not lose.

"Otherwise, he was that night, and is since, all right.

"Following the remarks he made, the time was opportune for a visitation from God. Whether it was [such a visitation] or not, I do not pretend to say. But I do say, too many are too quick to make rash statements, to disbelieve, and to blaspheme. As I say, science does not offer a good explanation in this case. So I give you the facts, and allow your own conclusions."

The stricken man was taken to his home in Shreve-

port. To his friends he gave an account of his experiences as related above. One of his first written requests was for a Bible. For weeks he pored over its pages. Prayer was offered for his recovery. He declared his intention to give himself to God's service. On July 1 speech and hearing were suddenly and completely restored. His first words were, "Praise the Lord."

Dr. Gray, who preached a sermon in the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago, on the significance of the event, said that it bore testimony to three things:

1. The reality of God—personal, and outside of his creation.
2. The reality and peril of sin.
3. The truth of the gospel.

EIGHT
REVIVAL INCIDENTS

LII

"BETTER THAN THE GOLD CURE"

"LET me tell you an incident of my work that shows the power of sinful habit and the marvelous grace of God, bestowed in answer to the prayers of earnest friends," said an evangelist.

"In 1891 I was assisting Major Cole in evangelistic meetings in Kansas City, Kansas. Some fifteen hundred people were converted, among them a painter and paperhanger. A few weeks after his conversion he told this story:

" 'I was a confirmed gambler. I loved my wife and children as much as anyone; but the awful, devilish fascination of gambling had hold of me. I staked every cent I could lay hands on. My wife and children suffered for necessaries of life.

" 'One year, a few weeks before Christmas, I told my children I was bound they should have a good Christmas for once. I saved sixty dollars. On Christmas eve, after seeing the happy children hang up their stockings for the first time in years, I took the money and set out for the stores. On the way I got the gambling-fever. I went to my old haunts, resolved to stake twenty dollars. If I lost, I would leave, and buy gifts with forty dollars. I did lose, but I did not leave until I was penniless. Then I stole back. I shall never forget my wife's white face. She knew my story before I told it. I tumbled into bed, while she built a

fire in the kitchen, and popped corn. Next morning, when the children eagerly went to their stockings, they found nothing but popcorn balls.

" 'Another evening I went home to supper with two hundred dollars. My wife asked me for fifty cents. I told her I didn't have any money. Then she asked me not to go out that night, as our little Lola was very sick. I went, though, and gambled until after midnight, when I went broke.

" 'On the way home, while passing through a deep cut, I stuck fast in the clay, which was softened by a heavy rainfall. I sank up to my knees, and the more I struggled, the deeper I got. I shouted for help. I even called on God to help me out. I shook my fist in the direction of the gambling-hell, and cursed it. Towards morning I noticed an old scraper. By working hard I reached it, and pulled myself out; but my shoes stayed in the clay.

" 'I thought I could never face the patient wife to whom I had lied so many times; so I decided to put an end to myself. I was standing on the manger in the barn, with a piece of clothes-line about my neck, when a neighbor came into the yard, and I hastily concealed myself. That was all that saved me from suicide. I believe now that God sent that neighbor in answer to the prayers of my friends.

" 'When I got to the house, my little girl was red with fever, and didn't know me. My wife handed me eight dollars, which had been paid her by a boarder since I left home, and asked me to go for medicine for Lola. She urged me to hurry as I valued the child's life.

"'I started for the drug-store, but went to the gambling-hell with the money my wife had earned, which was to save my girl from death. I staked my all on the high card, and won. Soon I had won eight hundred dollars. I played all day and all the following night, with never a thought of wife or sick child. In the morning, when I was broke, the proprietor told me my wife was outside. I stole out the back door, and ran home. My girl was a little better, thanks to some kind neighbors.

"'I was ashamed to meet people after that; so we sold our little home for sixteen hundred dollars, and moved. I agreed to put the money in a bank in my wife's name and I told her I had done so. I did deposit six hundred dollars, but immediately lost the rest at the gaming-table. Then I drew on the bank until the little fund was gone. One day my wife had a telegram that her father was dying. She went to the bank to draw her railway fare—only to learn that not a dollar was left.

"'Six weeks ago I was asked to go to one of Major Cole's meetings. Probably I would not have gone if I had known that prayer was being offered for my conversion, and that God answers prayer. I went once, and heard the first sermon in twenty years. I went again with my wife and children. I was converted that night, and all the family with me. Since then I have neither drunk, smoked, sworn nor gambled. I have found something better than the gold cure.'

"From that time," the evangelist concluded, "the father was a changed man, a good workman, a devoted husband and father, and an earnest Christian."

LIII

IN DUE SEASON

THE superintendent of a village Sunday school, on the lookout for new workers, asked a teacher in the secular schools to take the Bible Class. Dismayed at the thought, she begged for the infant class instead; she said she was too young for the important service asked of her. But when she was told that there was no one else for the important class, she consented, though with many misgivings.

"The next Sunday," said one who told of the events that followed the beginning of her service as Bible Class teacher, "when she found herself face to face with her charge, twenty in number, her courage failed her, and she begged them at least to take turns with her in leadership, but they refused. So, seeing no way of escape, she prayed for help, and began inquiring how many in the class were Christians. Only two responded in the affirmative. So, with affectionate earnestness, she laid before them the importance of personal religion, and secured their promise to pray for their own and each other's conversion."

When all but two of the members of the class had become Christians, she asked the class to join with her in prayer for the school. The prayer was answered; in the school there was a mighty revival.

Then teacher and students agreed to pray for the

parents and relatives of the pupils. Again the answer came. Before long the entire village was stirred. Churches united in meetings. Business was at a standstill, while merchants joined the ranks of the personal workers, of whom the teacher of the Bible Class was a leader.

For one woman the teacher prayed earnestly. She was the wife of a free-thinker, who had been brought up in a Christian home, but had become tainted by her husband's ideas. This woman attended the meetings every night, but always as a curiosity seeker. She laughed at the people who united with the church.

"Will you not try to be more than a spectator?" the Bible Class teacher asked her, when she saw her at one of the meetings. "Have you not a personal interest in the matter?"

The reply was disconcerting. The woman said that her only interest was to note how many fools there were in the meeting. Then she begged the teacher to leave her in peace.

"I will never speak to you on the subject again, but I shall continue to pray for you till I know you to be either converted or dead," the teacher assured her.

Sixteen years passed. During this time the teacher's health had failed; she was an invalid. She knew nothing of the woman, for whom she had promised to pray. Sometimes she was tempted to drop the name from her prayer list. But she could not do so.

At last came a letter from the brother of the woman for whom she had prayed so long. After explaining that he had just learned her address, he wrote:

"Last, but not least, I must tell you that my sister

Clara is now the happiest, most whole-souled Christian you ever saw. When she found Jesus, her joy was so great that she could not keep it to herself. 'Be quiet,' her husband commanded; 'people will think you have lost your senses.' 'I don't care who hears me, or what they think,' she replied. 'I am so happy that I must speak. O, if only I could see Miss Agnes, and tell her that I too have found the Saviour! I once thought her crazy, but I know better now. She has been praying for me all these years, and it is her prayers that have drawn me to my God.'"

LIV

3 OF THE 117

"WE had been praying for the pouring out of God's Spirit on the hearts of the people of our village," was the introduction of a pastor to the tale of the reception of one hundred and seventeen members to his church.

"Let me tell you the stories of three of the number," he added.

"In my rounds among the people whose names were on my prayer list, I came to a home where the wife was a Christian, though the husband—for whom I had been praying—was an unbeliever. Before leaving, I asked if I might offer prayer. The wife looked doubtfully at the husband. With an oath he gave grudging consent.

"As I knelt he took a lounging attitude. At the close of the prayer there was a sneer on his face.

"Nevertheless, I asked him to attend the special meetings which had been arranged for that week. He promised to do so.

"That night he was not present. Next day the invitation was repeated. Again he promised.

" 'Very well,' I said, 'I'll stand at the door to-night until you come. If you are late, I'll explain to the people that I cannot leave the door until the man for whom I am waiting comes.'

"He came that evening, and on the succeeding evenings.

"One night, when the service was nearly over, he started to his feet.

" 'Stop!' he cried. 'Please stop! I can't wait longer to tell you I want to be a Christian.' Then he sank to his seat.

"From that moment interest was intense, and by ones and twos and half-dozens similar confessions were made until the entire village was stirred.

"During the meetings cards were circulated, and the recipients were invited to sign them and hand them to me in token of their desire to lead a Christian life.

"One evening I gave a card to a young woman—another of those for whom I had been praying—as I greeted her in the aisle. She took it, but crumpled it in her hand. Several evenings later, after service, she handed in the battered card, signed.

" 'When it was given me,' she explained, 'I was determined to have nothing to do with it. When I reached my room, it was still in my hand. I threw it from me. But from that moment I had no peace by day or by night, until I found it hidden behind the bureau, where it had fallen, straightened it out as best I could, and signed it.'

"Here is the card she gave me," the pastor continued. "And here is another card with a history. I gave it to a young girl after a direct plea. Many of her companions had already made the great decision. She bridled at once. 'I won't sign it,' she said. 'I think you will,' I responded. 'You can't very well help it. Three of your girl friends are praying for you, and I am

praying for you. How can you resist? Yes, I think you will sign it.' 'I won't,' she insisted. But she kept the card.

"Several days later I saw her ahead of me on the street. I avoided her, for I thought the time was not ripe for seeing her again. I went into a shop, but when I came out she was near. I never dreamed she was waiting for me, so went into an office near by. She followed me there, and put this card in my hands. 'I had to sign it,' she said."

LV

FORGIVENESS—THEN THE REVIVAL

A YOUNG theological student was asked to spend his summer vacation with a village church. The invitation was accepted. He found a struggling society of fifty members. The church had been larger, but, through the usual losses and failure to fill the gaps, the ranks were steadily diminishing. Indeed, the officers were seriously considering closing the church when the summer was over.

There were no signs of interest during the two months following the student's arrival on the field. Personal work seemed to bear no fruit. Something was wrong. He prayed that he might learn what it was, and that he might be used to set the wrong right.

One Sunday morning after service, noticing that an elderly man and a woman of mature years were passing each other without speaking, the young man said, "Mr. A., this is Mrs. B.; I thought you knew her." To his consternation they passed from the church with averted faces. On inquiry he learned that the two had not spoken for many years. Through a misunderstanding they had been alienated, and from lifelong friends had become bitter enemies. They continued to attend the same church, though Mr. A. was not a member. Their estrangement was the talk of the village. Scoffers

laughed at them and Christians were distressed. Efforts had been made to bring them together, but these had failed.

"There is no use trying again at this late day," the student's informant insisted. "They are set, and nothing will change them."

But the student could not content himself without an effort. After prayer for guidance, he visited Mr. A. and Mrs. B. in their homes. They were ready to talk of the grievance which had separated them, but were unwilling to listen to any suggestion of a restoration of the old friendly relations. "No!" was the first word from each. "I won't speak to him."

Sick at heart, the young man went to his room, and to his knees. He prayed that God would speak to the bitter enemies and bring them together once more, in order that a blessing might rest upon them and upon the church which had been so long without a revival. That evening he met one of the officers of the church, and told of his hope that the breach would be healed. The officer smiled pityingly at him, and said, "If you were a little older you would see that what you desire is impossible."

On the next Sunday he was astonished—why is it we are so astonished when our prayers are literally answered?—by seeing Mr. A. and Mrs. B. approach each other after service and speak cordially. Others, too, were surprised. The reconciliation immediately became the talk of the church, then of the town.

Curiosity was excited, but no explanation was made by the reunited friends. "How did it happen?" "Who

did it?" were questions heard on every hand. No answer was possible but, "God did it."

The next Sabbath was communion. Four were received into the church on that day, and one of these was Mr. A.

It was the beginning of a season of great interest in the little congregation. A few weeks later many more members were received. From that day the discouraged church held up its head.

LVI

EXACTLY WHAT HE ASKED FOR

"WHEN I was pastor at Asheville, North Carolina," says Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., "it was decided to begin a series of meetings, and Wednesday evening of the following week was appointed as the time for beginning. When Wednesday morning came, a blizzard was raging, and the snow was about eighteen inches deep. Seventeen people came to the church and one of them, a young man, professed conversion. Next evening the attendance numbered about thirty, and there were two or three inquirers.

"The interest grew day by day until on the fourth week we were holding services morning, afternoon, and evening. The village and the surrounding country were stirred by the power of God, and about three hundred and fifty persons professed conversion. The Baptist church of the village received ninety-five members, the Methodist, eighty; the Presbyterian, forty; the Episcopal, fifteen or twenty.

"During these meetings there were several remarkable answers to prayer. At the close of an evening service a brother arose and said: 'Pastor, we have had a great blessing, but God is willing to do more; I propose that we pray for at least twenty-five converts to-morrow evening.' I rather shrunk from such dictation to God, but before I could protest, the brother was on his

knees pouring out his heart in earnest prayer. Others followed.

"The next evening I did not enjoy preaching. It was really a poor sermon, and I felt that, if the brother's prayer should be answered, God would have all the glory. In the after-meeting thirty-one people made confession of faith in Christ. The dear brother who had prayed the night before, his eyes sparkling with joy and wet with tears, arose and said, 'I propose, Pastor, that we pray God to give us fifty converts to-morrow night.'

"Again I felt like remonstrating but it was of no use. The brother fell upon his knees and continued for a long time in prayer, and there was a hearty response all over the house. Next evening the house and yard were crowded with people, and in the after-meeting fifty-five people gave me their hands, confessing Christ.

"I wondered then if the brother would pray for one hundred the next evening, but he did not. He seemed satisfied, and from that day the meetings continued as before, six or eight people every evening coming into the light.

"I do not attempt to explain, I simply state the facts. This good man asked God for twenty-five converts and got thirty-one; and then he asked God for fifty, and got fifty-five. Of the thirty-one about six were spurious, and of the fifty-five about five did not stand the test, so it has appeared to me that the Lord gave him exactly what he asked for."

LVII

THE FATHER ALSO

"DURING a series of meetings in a country church connected with my charge," said a pastor in Illinois, "a young man who had been at the altar the night before stood in the crowded aisle, weeping. On urging him to go to the altar, he said, 'No, I cannot go. Father cursed me, and said if I went back to the altar I could never enter his house again.' Again I urged him, with a promise to visit his father. 'No,' he said, 'I do not want you to go to our house, for father says if you come there he will kick you out of the yard.' I assured him that if he would go forward and accept the blessing I would stand between him and all danger. He did so.

"That night I went home with one of our members. On my going to my room I suddenly became greatly troubled. Had I promised too much? Could I keep my promise? I knew the father to be a rough, strong man, without respect for God or man. Yet I knew I had done right in urging the son to accept Christ. Surely God would help! An agonizing spirit of prayer for the father came upon me. I prayed fervently until midnight, when a persuasion came to my mind that he would be at the next meeting. But this did not satisfy me. I prayed on until morning, when I was awed into silence, my soul flooded with light and peace,

and with it came assurance that that day would witness the man's conversion.

"The night service came. I sat in the pulpit anxiously watching the door. The man presently came in with a troubled look upon his face. He paused at the first seat. I breathed a prayer for help. He moved hesitatingly up the aisle, as though some power was urging him on, until he came within two seats of the pulpit. He listened to every word with greediness. When the invitation was given he was the first at the altar, and prayed as though he thought it was his last moment. His conversion was clear."

NINE
IN MISSION LANDS

LVIII

THE ANSWER TO THE GATEKEEPER'S PRAYER

WANG WEI was a gatekeeper employed at the I-chow-fu Mission, in West Shantung, China. He was a Christian, but he did not seem to be very much in earnest. Finally it became necessary to discharge him for incompetency. The poor fellow was in despair. He had "lost face" by his discharge, and to a Chinese, few worse calamities are possible. After a time he aroused himself sufficiently to seek other means of gaining a living.

One of the missionaries at the station, in a letter written not long after, continues the story:

"Wang Wei went down to Ching Kiang on the Yang-tse-kiang to get a small sewing machine, for he purposed becoming a tailor. The Christian community at Ching Kiang was in the midst of a great revival, and Wang Wei gave himself up to it heart and soul. Rev. Ding Li Mei was the evangelist. Scores of Chinese asked to be numbered among those who would know more of Christ. With perhaps more than his share of the average Chinese Christian's petty faults, Wang Wei is a sincere lover of the Lord, and he returned to I-chow-fu full of new affection and zeal.

"It was not easy to do what Wang Wei proceeded to do. Before his old neighbors and friends he stood

up in the little chapel and told them what he had seen and heard. 'It is the Holy Spirit whom we need!' he cried. 'We must confess our sins.' And in private and public he kept up his proclamation until finally he induced the church officers to agree to a brief series of special services. In all of these Wang Wei was to be seen if not always heard, and he evidently was made glad at every sign of interest shown by his fellow-Christians, rejoicing with his Saviour when one and another gave evidence of a closer approach to God.

"That was several months ago. Wang Wei is still hoping and we are still praying for a great outpouring of God's Spirit."

The missionary added the statement of his belief that the coming of a revival to I-chow-fu mission would very largely be due, under God, to the earnest prayers of this one man.

The prayers were answered. The longing for revival became so great that Rev. Ding Li Mei was invited to I-chow-fu to conduct a series of meetings in connection with the opening of the chapel built in memory of Rev. Wallace S. Faris, who died in China in 1907 from exposure, while giving relief to famine sufferers.

The meetings began. From the first the interest was intense. Four times a day the people gathered. At seven in the morning the Christians held a daylight prayer-meeting. At eleven o'clock, at three, and again at half-past seven, the church, which seated five hundred people, was filled to the doors. The congregation contained unevangelized people of all conditions, including the city's merchant and gentry classes.

Prayer was made for three hundred converts. The

missionaries felt that perhaps they were asking for too much, but they would put God to the test. Within twenty-four hours more than two hundred men and women had announced their determination to begin the Christian life. Day after day, as the meetings continued, the whole city was profoundly stirred. On the thirteenth day more than one thousand had asked for Christian instruction; most of these gave every indication of conversion. More than thirty women stated their purpose to unbind their feet. Many promising young men said they would give their lives to Christian work. When, a few days later, the meeting closed, more than two thousand new names of seekers after God were on the records of the mission. Nothing like this was ever before seen.

"Missionary effort in China during the last hundred years would have been justified if it had produced nothing more than a Ding Li Mei," wrote the missionary. But when missionary effort has produced not only a Ding Li Mei, but in a single station, a praying Wang Wei, and scores of other converts who prayed with him and went out and did earnest personal work with their neighbors and friends, "worth while" seems a feeble expression.

An American editor who wrote of Ding Li Mei soon after the great revival at I-chow-fu, said:

"He has probably the longest personal prayer list of any Christian in the whole world. When George Sherwood Eddy some months ago asked Mr. Ding to include him in the list, his name was numbered twelve hundred and sixty-two. Undoubtedly the catalogue has gone on lengthening steadily ever since. Dr. W.

W. White, of New York, when in China, asked the Chinese preacher to set him down as one to be prayed for, but Ding showed the New York visitor that his name was already entered on the list in the five hundreds.

"Another proof of the prayer power of the same devout man is reported from the heart of the district devastated by the floods. In the midst of this flooded territory, where for four months it rained almost daily, lies the village of Dasintau, which is the native town of Ding. His own clan is the principal family in the village, and his people for three generations have been faithful Christians. Through their influence Christianity has become so predominant in the town that it is distinguished from all the crowded villages of the neighboring country as a Christian stronghold.

"It chanced that when the flood rose to the breaking point Ding was at home, trying to get some summer rest from his strenuous evangelistic work of the past winter. As the waters rose, he called the whole town to prayer. The river flowing past the town runs much above the level of the village, which is protected even in time of low water only by the dikes that hold the river in. Under the strain of the flood the river broke its banks in eighteen places within six miles of Dasintau and villages everywhere on both banks were overwhelmed. On the German railroad that runs through the village a large number of culverts and even bridges were washed out. But all the while the dike at Dasintau held.

"Everywhere it was proclaimed that Dasintau had been saved by the Christians' God. It was to the

Chinese only a culmination of what they had observed in the same village in years past. It is still remembered in that country that when the Christians of Dasintau, during the Boxer days, were gathered in the compound to pray for deliverance, a riotous crowd that was preparing to burn the Christians in their church and roast them all alive, was suddenly dispersed by a stray bullet coming from no one knows where, which stampeded the mob as miraculously as the Philistines were thrown into panic when there was the sound of 'marching in the tops of the mulberry-trees.' Later the same protection was exhibited again when the plague was in the village and not one Christian home was touched by it."

LIX

DELIVERED IN PERSECUTION

IN 1864 a young man named Habeeb in Mahardeh, Syria, became interested in the Bible, a copy of which had come into his hands. His father, a man of prominence in the village and in the Greek Church, ordered him to give up the Book and return to the church which he had always attended. When he refused, he was threatened with punishment. But he remained firm in his determination to be true to the new light he had received.

Many times Habeeb was turned out of the house, with nothing in his hands but his precious Bible. In this, and in prayer to him who had put the Book in his way, he put his dependence.

At first his wife was his companion during these periods of banishment from home, but the time came when the angry father persuaded the wife to desert him. On the first night of his life without her he read the Bible and committed himself to the God who does not forsake his own. Then he went to sleep.

Before morning he was startled by a knock at the door of the house where he had found refuge. Fearfully he inquired the identity of the intruder, and learned that his wife was without. She begged to share his exile.

A missionary who learned Habeeb's story from the man himself has told[1] of another occasion when affairs went even farther. "The priests convinced Habeeb's father that he must take the most strenuous measures to reclaim his recreant son, or else make him an example for the benefit of others. One Sunday after the morning mass, a great company of men gathered in the open space in front of the house in which Habeeb was living. He was sitting at an upper window, overlooking this place of concourse. He had his Bible in his hand and was studying the Word and communing with his heavenly Father in prayer. The shouts of the people made it clear that they were bent on mischief. Some of them were gathering fuel for the flames intended to destroy the heretic. He understood their purpose, and knew there was not a man in the village who would raise a hand or utter a word to save his life. He turned to those comforting passages, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom,' and 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.' Looking down at the multitude he thought, 'What can they do, if Christ is with me? and yet, if it is his will, why should I not give up my life as Stephen and others have done?' Though he saw no way of escape from the angry mob, and fully expected to lay down his life in the flames, his heart was at perfect peace, and he calmly awaited the outcome.

"One of the leading men came to his room and seized him by the throat, with cursing and reviling, to drag him down to the crowd. He asked why they should be so enraged at the name of Jesus. His only

[1] In "Habeeb the Beloved."

answer was a beating. Then he was dragged down the stairs.

"Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the man loosened his hold, and Habeeb went back to his room, to await the next move. As he looked down upon the mob, he saw it break up into little groups and gradually melt away, without any visible cause. To this day he does not know what it was that changed the purpose of the angry crowd, but gives all the glory of his deliverance to the heavenly Father."

Still persecution did not cease. Again and again neighbors attacked him or destroyed his possessions. But he was patient. As before, his dependence was in the Bible and in prayer.

However, he did not remain alone in his new life. Others read his Bible and united with him in prayer. Soon there was a little company of Christians which met with him in his house.

Years passed. The church had outgrown the quarters in Habeeb's home. The members determined to build, but they were unable to secure a lot. Influential landowners long kept them from getting title to the necessary land, and influenced the government so that no permit for a building could be secured. When a bit of land was finally secured, and the foundations for the new church were laid, the authorities interposed and the work was stopped.

Then there was nothing left to Habeeb and his company in the church but to wait and pray.

While they waited they were grieved to see the two effendis who owned most of the land in the village seize a part of the public threshing floor, secure title to it,

and surround it with a wall. On this lot they built a solid stone house about fifty feet by thirty. Here they proposed to store the grain reaped the previous year, when the harvest had been phenomenal.

Now see how God answered the prayer of Habeeb and his friends, giving them a church far better than they could have afforded, even if they had been able to secure the lot.

Financial reverses overtook the effendis. Crops failed, and there were other losses. The pressure became so great that they had to raise money. They thought of selling the new storehouse, but found that no one would be able to buy such a substantial building.

This was the opportunity of the Christians. They wanted a church; here was the storehouse. They had the money; they could hand it over at once. So negotiations were opened, and the building soon became the property of the church which had met in Habeeb's house. In the providence of God the very enemies who had been most influential in keeping them from building a church opened the way for them to have what they desired, and far more than they had dared to hope for. This is God's way of answering prayer.

LX

THE SORCERER'S PRAYER AND THE ANSWER[1]

WHANG, a blind Korean who made his living by sorcery, was impressed by the gospel story as told by a missionary's native helper. He argued with the helper for two days. At last he was convinced of the truthfulness of the gospel, and became a believer.

He began to attend the church, but continued to practice his art of divination, for it was a very lucrative profession. As he understood the doctrine of the gospel more fully, he came to have a great distaste for his work. At length one day when requested to attend a certain house he refused, and broke all his instruments before the eyes of his visitor.

Then he experienced a great longing to learn to read God's word. On account of his blindness, however, this was an extremely difficult task. Week after week he groped his way fifteen li (five miles) along the country road to attend a church, for there were no Christians in his village. For a year he prayed earnestly that the Father would make it possible for him to gain a knowledge of the Bible.

One night God answered his prayer in an unexpected manner. The thought flashed into his mind that he might adapt one of the arithmetical tables used by blind sorcerers; and, by the aid of this, work

[1] Told by George T. B. Davis, after an interview with Whang.

out a system of his own that would enable him to read. His next step was to purchase several large Standard Oil tin cans of the type commonly used in the Orient. From these he made four or five thousand small tin squares with a hole through each so that they could be threaded on a string. Then he made indentations in different corners of these squares, to indicate the various letters of the Korean alphabet. He also procured two thousand pieces of wood in varying shapes to indicate the final consonants.

The great desire of Whang's soul was not only to read, but to memorize God's word. Having created a crude system of reading, he began to master the Scriptures. His plan was to have a friend read out of John's Gospel while he formed sentence after sentence by threading his tin and wooden squares on a string. Then, by running his fingers over the crude type, he committed verse after verse of God's word to memory. In this manner he learned the first six chapters of John. On one occasion while at the church a new vision dawned upon the soul of Whang. He heard that at Pyeng Yang, about one thousand li distant, there was a school for teaching the blind to read in a new and wonderful manner. For two years he prayed that God would open the way for him to go to that school.

At length Mr. Bruen heard of the former sorcerer's heroic efforts to master God's word, and of his great desire to go to Pyeng Yang, and sent him seven yen to buy a railroad ticket for the northern city. Upon reaching his destination he went at once to the school. There he made marvelous progress. In a month's time he had learned to read by the Braille system. Then

he was eager to learn that he might tell other blind men about the Saviour.

Recent visitors to Korea have told of seeing Whang on the streets of the cities and in the country villages, standing with a group of interested people about him, reading to them the messages from John's gospel which he deciphers as he swiftly fingers in succession the pieces of tin on the string about his neck.

LXI

WHY BUILDING OPERATIONS WERE RESUMED

IN 1903 a girls' boarding school was opened on the Karnak road in Egypt. Many tourists who passed on their way to Luxor paused at the attractive building, and became interested in the institution, which grew so rapidly that within four years there were nearly three hundred pupils, of whom sixty-five were boarding pupils.

This rapid growth caused an increase in expense with which gifts did not keep pace. In consequence there were anxious days when the friends of the school feared its usefulness would be crippled. They prayed that the debt might be provided for, and that the way might be opened for further growth in order that the girls from all parts of Egypt who clamored for admission might not be disappointed.

Relief came, but the managers of the school were asked to make a pledge that no further debt would be incurred.

It was difficult to keep the promise when necessity arose for a new building. The life of the school depended on the enlargement. But the managers were resolute in their determination not to begin operations till they had on hand funds sufficient to warrant the step.

The funds were provided—not enough to complete the building, but enough to do a great deal. Sure that the balance would be forthcoming, they went ahead.

All went well for a time. Native builders were amazed at the way the foreigners poured out money for the benefit of strangers. Inquiries for accommodations were made eagerly in behalf of girls to whom a season at the school would give a new outlook on life.

But the stream of gifts slackened. The funds on hand were almost exhausted. And the building was far from complete.

What was to be done? To pause would be a calamity. To go on meant debt. But debt was impossible.

The situation was faced frankly at a meeting of those in charge of the work. Reluctantly the decision was reached to dismiss the workmen on a certain day, should no money for the express purpose of completing the building be sent in.

However, this was only one part of the agreement at that meeting. The second part was that, singly and unitedly, teachers and pupils would pray that He who can reach the hearts of men would lead givers to send funds for the building.

Much interest was excited by the word that went through the busy place that matters were to be placed in the hands of Him who answers the prayer of faith. Scores joined in earnest petition.

The overseer of the new building, and even the workmen shared in the interest. Of course they were anxious to have the funds prayed for received, for they did not wish to lose employment at good wages. But

this was not the sole reason for their interest. "Will the prayer be answered?" they asked one another.

Day after day passed, and no money came. Prayer was continued. "The answer is coming!" the teachers thought. But the builders were doubtful. The day was near when work must be discontinued. The overseer felt sure he would have to tell his men to seek other employment.

Came the day before that set for interrupting the work. Still no checks from interested givers. At the close of the day the workmen laid down their tools. The overseer wondered if they would be taken up again next day.

And next day the needed gifts came! The tools were taken up, building operations went on, the doubting overseer was convinced that there is something in prayer after all, and the faith of the teachers was strengthened for further conflict.

LXII

HOW TWO MEN WERE WON[1]

MY first Arabic teacher in Tripoli in 1856 was Yusef Diab. But I soon had need of a grammar teacher and found one, Elias Saadeh. He consented to teach for the sake of money. Month by month he taught us. We read the Arabic Testament with him from beginning to end. He attended our family prayers and listened with respect, yet with no more apparent feeling than a stone. He was a fine penman and when I commenced writing Arabic sermons he copied them all in a clear, legible hand. He seemed unimpressed and unimpressible on the subject of personal religion. He had given up saint worship and picture worship as beneath the dignity of an enlightened man, and seeing that they were essential parts of the Greek Orthodoxy, he gave up all religion and became an open, scoffing infidel. He taught the young men of Tripoli that Christ was an impostor and the Bible a lie. He had stifled the promptings of conscience, and seemed given over to hardness of heart.

On Monday afternoon, November 12, 1866, Elias called at my house, knocked at the door, came into my room and sat down on the divan by the door in silence, his face buried in his hands. At length I said to him, "What is the matter, Elias?" He looked up and said:

[1] Condensed from "Fifty-three Years in Syria," by the late Henry H. Jessup, D.D.

"I know that you are my friend. I am in trouble, great trouble, and I don't know what to do. I have never felt so before in my life. What is the matter I cannot tell. I went to church yesterday afternoon and when I came out my hair stood on end and I trembled from head to foot. As I passed through the gate it seemed as if the ground were opening beneath my feet and I could feel the fires of hell. Just then a voice came from above, saying, 'You are a lost man! You are a lost man!' And then, as I went on toward my house I could see those Arabic sermons which I copied for you and Mr. Lyons ten years ago, written as with a pen of fire on the sky. I shut my eyes but there they were. When I reached home I could hear nothing else, see nothing else. I could eat no supper. Miriam said to me, 'What is the matter, Elias?' I replied, 'Nothing; only I do not feel very well.' At bedtime I took little Hanna to put him to bed, and he looked up in my face and said, 'Father, why don't you pray with me as mother does before sleeping?' It seemed as if God had raised up my little child to rebuke me and remind me of my sin. And so it was all night long. I could not sleep; that voice was ringing in my ears, 'You are a lost man.'

"This morning I went to school, but I could hear nothing and see nothing, and so it has been all day, and if it keeps on much longer I shall lose my reason. Sir, what shall I do? I have never felt so before in my life. What does it mean?"

All this time he sat trembling and spoke with a faltering voice.

"I said to him: "Elias, you do not know how glad I

am to hear these words from you. You do not know how many prayers have been offered for you during the last ten years, and now you ought to fall down and thank God that he has sent his Holy Spirit to show you your sins. You will never see the sweetness of Christ until you first feel the bitterness of sin. I hope you will feel your sins even more than you have and cast yourself upon Christ for mercy. Elias, have you prayed?"

"Prayed?" said he. "A man like me pray to Christ when I have so grossly insulted him? When I have called him an impostor and his word a lie? Never."

I then said, "Would you like to have me pray?"

"Yes," said he, "if you think it will do any good."

We knelt in prayer, but I could hardly control my feelings so as to speak audibly. When we arose he bade me "good evening" and left the room.

I saw him no more until the next afternoon at four o'clock, when he came in again, his face beaming with a light almost unnatural. I never saw a human countenance so changed. Every feature seemed softened and luminous. He almost sprang toward me, and seizing my hand with a grasp which I can never forget, he exclaimed: "O Mr. Jessup, is it not wonderful? Was there ever such love? Last night I took up the Testament to see if I could find anything to relieve my despair, when the first passage I saw was this in the First Epistle of John, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Why, sir, if that word 'all' had not been there I should have had no hope. But there it was, 'all sin.' That meant mine, too. The words seemed to glow with light. They stood out on the page. I looked and wept. 'Can it be,' I said, 'can

it be that Jesus, whom I have reviled, will cleanse my sin? Is he so merciful as that?' And then I looked up and said, 'O thou blessed Jesus Christ, if thou wilt accept me, thy blood can cleanse my sin. Then I am thine forever.' O sir, it seems to me as if heaven had begun on earth. I called Miriam and told her, and we wept and prayed together. It seemed so natural to pray then. I could not help it. Mr. Jessup, is it not wonderful? Is it not wonderful that he has spared me until now? Why did he not cut me off ten years ago in my sins? Why did he not smite me when I was reviling his name? What shall I do? What can I do? There are young men in Tripoli whom I have taught that the Bible is a lie, and some of them are dead now. O, that I could call them back and tell them of the Saviour's love! Do you not think that I had better go at once to Tripoli by the first steamer and speak to those young men? O, if I could but be the means of saving one soul I should be perfectly happy."

I said to him, "Elias, would you like to pray now?" "Yes, indeed," said he, and he prayed such a prayer as I have not heard for many months. We spent that hour in prayer and praise. Now and then he would burst out in some new expression of wondering love. Said he, "When I read the Bible now the name of Jesus seems so new and so sweet that I can hardly contain myself." I asked him if he had never seen that verse in 1 John 1: 7 before, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He said, "I copied a sermon on that text, but I did not know its meaning then, but now I do."

I saw that he needed something to do now for Christ,

and as he could not well leave for Tripoli, I urged him to labor for some of the young men in Beirut whom he knew. Said he, "I know a few and I will try to do them good."

On Wednesday afternoon he came in again bringing with him another young man, Beshara Haddad. I had known him for years. He was the first Protestant child baptized in Syria and his aged father, a saintly man, was one of the first who came out on the Lord's side long years ago and went through the fires of persecution which raged so violently, from 1826 to 1830. The good old man died a few years before, mourning that his firstborn, Beshara, had not yet found the Saviour. Beshara had been trained under Mr. Calhoun in Abeih Seminary and was now teaching in the preparatory department of the Syrian Protestant College.

After a few words of salutation I turned and said, "Beshara, what brought you here to-day?" He said: "I think God brought me here. I had long known the truth, but I had hardened my heart and at length came to the conclusion that I had committed the unpardonable sin. But a few Sundays ago I heard you preach on that subject, and you said that if any one had a desire to be free from sin it was a proof that he had not committed the unpardonable sin. Well, I thought I did desire to be free from sin, and I thought it over more and more, and last Sunday I determined that this week I would begin to think of my soul's salvation. Yesterday I decided to give up the hour after eight in the evening to this subject, as my school duties would be over and I could be alone. So I went to my room at eight o'clock and shut the door. Very soon there was a

knock. I hesitated, then I opened the door. In came Mr. Elias. My heart sank within me. I thought: 'Why has he come to take my time? He is the last man in Beirut I would wish just now to see. He has come to jest about religious things and all my good resolutions will be lost.' But to my surprise Elias stepped up to me and seized my hand and said, with a trembling voice, 'Beshara, the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' I could not guess what he meant, and thought he was quoting Scripture to ridicule it; but he held my hand tight in his again, 'Beshara, it is so, and it has cleansed me and I have come to tell you about it.' If the very stones in the floor had cried out I could not have been more astonished. I fell on his neck and wept. We wept together; we prayed together. I believe that God sent him there at that very hour to bring me to Christ. The Saviour himself seemed to be present. Oh sir, such an hour I have never known! Well, after we had prayed a while I told Elias, 'There is Ibrahim Nasif Aatiyeh in the next room; let us call him in and see if he too does not want a Saviour.' So we called him and prayed with him, and to-day he thinks he has found the Saviour, and he will be here very soon."

I listened to Beshara's words with the most intense interest, the tears flowing unbidden and unrestrained. Soon Ibrahim came in and we spent an hour such as I had never spent before in Syria. The Saviour himself seemed to be with us.

The young brethren wanted something to do and they found it. The city was divided into districts, and they went around, two and two, holding evening meet-

ings, praying and singing and reading the Scriptures in families where the voice of prayer and praise had not been heard before. The prayer meetings of the brethren of the church were more numerously attended and ere long eleven young persons stood up in the congregation and professed their faith in Christ.

LXIII

IN SIMPLICITY OF FAITH

A MISSIONARY student of the habits of prayer of recent converts from heathenism told in a German review[1] of incidents which had come under his own notice.

In introducing these, he said: "Converts from heathenism to Christianity have often had greater and livelier assurance of the fact that God is the hearer of prayer than have many members of old-established Christian communities. As the child approaches the parent with a request and at once holds out the hand to receive the desired gift, so the recent convert goes to God in the full assurance of faith. Is it not natural that the Lord should reveal his mercy in a very plain and tangible manner to a man who only after a hard struggle has learned to trust in Christ? Therefore the babe in Christ frequently tastes and sees that the Lord is good when the more mature man in Christ fails to receive from lack of simple faith."

As an example of the simple nature of the convert's prayers, this was related:

"A Negro had been in attendance at the services of God's house. On his return he found that a thief had entered his home and had carried off all his possessions. He did not lament and complain, but in childlike assurance he prayed: 'Dear Saviour, thou knowest that I

[1] Translation made for the "Missionary Review of the World."

did not leave my home to do wrong, but to hear thy word, and to receive a blessing for my soul. Yet this calamity has come upon me. I pray thee to restore me my possessions before sunrise.' As he believed, so it was done unto him. Before the sun rose the thief was discovered, and all his possessions were restored."

Missionary Notrott reported the following: "Yesterday, a man brought me a piece of money (about twelve cents) as a thank-offering for answered prayer. 'One of my oxen,' he said, 'fell down suddenly. We prayed. The Lord blessed our efforts, and the ox is well again.'"

It was an aged woman who thus began a story of God's goodness to her in answering her prayer: "O that men would not only bring all their difficulties to the Saviour, but also trust him for every good thing, for he never fails to save his needy children. I have experienced that again just now. The government had ordered that all inhabitants of the town should build chimneys, and I had to build three of them. I had neither money nor building material, and did not know where to get either. In this hour of need I prayed to the Saviour and said, 'Dear Saviour, thou hast prepared me in my mother's womb, and before I was born thou didst foreordain that thou wouldst be mine and that I should be thine eternally. Then thou didst bring me to thyself, and I have become acquainted with thee. Thou hast taken me up, and my sins are forgiven. I have always brought all my sorrows to thee, and thou hast delivered me from many difficulties. Help me again now, for I cannot expect help from any one else.' The next morning a man came, who was under some obligation to me, but had never made an effort to dis-

charge it, and said, 'Mother, do not worry about your chimneys. I shall have them built for you.' He kept his word, and I have another proof that my Saviour hears prayer and does for me more than I ask."

A second poor widow in Africa asked, not for herself, but for God's work. She lived in the midst of a barren waste, and there were few people within reach of her home. Yet the missionary came occasionally to her house and held services for those who were able to attend.

"As the number of the converted blacks increased her own happiness increased, and she began to pray that the Lord would cause the erection of a real house of God on that very place. The missionary used to smile over such faith, for who would build a church in such a desert? But the aged saint prayed on, and her prayers have been answered, though she did not live to see it. Her own house has been enlarged and has become the home of a missionary, and nearby stands a nice church building, the home of a congregation of more than two hundred communicants."

A missionary in the South Seas is quoted as saying that "newly converted South Sea Islanders develop a wonderful missionary zeal, which puts Christians in the homeland to shame. Each one chooses a heathen comrade. For him he prays. Him he tries to bring to church. With him he talks of God's Word. And him he remembers before the throne of grace, until he is converted. Then he chooses another comrade."

A heathen woman bore unwilling testimony to the efficiency of such prayers when she sought a missionary and asked him to forbid his native helper to pray for

her. "When she was asked how she knew that the helper was praying for her, she answered: 'I know it well. Once I could render service and sacrifice to my idols in peace, but now I have no peace in doing it. That is the effect of his prayers. Then he told me that he is praying for me and my family. Two daughters and a son of mine have become Christians. If he continues, I shall probably become a Christian too. I do not want this; therefore forbid him to pray for me.'"

LXIV

GETTING THE CHURCH ON THE MAIN STREET

A MISSIONARY journal tells this story of answered prayer in a city in Korea:

"While the foreign pastor of a church in the city was absent in America on sickleave, the people, whose little edifice was much overcrowded, decided to buy a lot and begin, at least, to build a new church. When the pastor returned, he found they had bought a lot far back from the street, behind several sites where probably other large and important buildings would eventually crowd it out of sight and light, and where access was somewhat difficult and unpleasant. In addition a big dance-hall, owned by the government, was next to it on one side, the noise from which on Sunday evenings was most disturbing. The foundations had been laid and far too much money expended to think of attempting to resell and buy a new site. The front street was an important one, and the intervening land too costly to make it possible to buy out enough to open out a good entrance. It seemed a hopeless situation and a permanent hindrance to the usefulness of the church.

"The pastor and members took the problem to God, feeling that, however hopeless it was from the human point of view, God could mend it some way.

"And God did. About two years after the building was finished, the city decided to run an important street right through the dance-hall. The hall, of course had to be pulled down. Now the church stands right on the new street, where it is seen by all passers, and the members are no more troubled by the loud, deafening music of the hall. If the church had been built near the other street, it would have had to be pulled down when that street was widened as a part of the improvement planned."

LXV

HOW CHUNG WAS FOUND

A MISSIONARY who had first-hand knowledge of the occurrence related this incident:

"In the city of Peking there was a native Christian who had lost his two sons at the time of the outbreak. The family had become separated on that dreadful night when so many Christians were killed and homes all over the city were burned. The boys were not killed, but they had been taken away by imperial soldiers. For months after the relief of Peking the father searched everywhere for his lost boys, but in vain.

"One evening, when the remnant of the little church had gathered for prayer, the stricken father came in with sad countenance and heavy heart, and said, 'Pray that I may find my lost boys. I know not what more to do.'

"They united with him in supplication, and this is how their prayers were answered:

"Three weeks before this a man from a distant province had come to the city bearing a letter from the boys to their father, but the messenger had sought for him in vain. Finally he gave up the search and started back, but stopped at a little tea-house just outside the city to refresh himself for the journey.

"A stranger came and sat down at the same table

with him. They fell into conversation, and while drinking their tea the messenger told of his fruitless errand, and of the long journey before him back to the waiting boys. The stranger was sympathetic and interested, and inquired the name of the man whom he sought.

" 'His name is Chung.'

" 'I used to know a man by that name,' he replied.

"After a little questioning the messenger determined to retrace his steps, thinking that possibly the directions he had received from the stranger might lead him to the boys' father, and so it proved.

"The letter was delivered, and the father was overjoyed to hear from his sons. He at once returned with the messenger, and succeeded in persuading the officers that he was the father of the boys whom they had adopted; and they reluctantly gave them up.

"There was great rejoicing in the little church when Mr. Chung returned to Peking with his two boys. There was not only rejoicing, but sincere gratitude to God for answered prayer."

LXVI

WHEN THE LAST BAG OF RICE WAS OPENED

IN 1859 the dispensary and hospital of the China Inland Mission at Ning-po was about to be closed because of the departure for Scotland of Dr. Parker, who had conducted it from the first.

There was no endowment and there was no assured income. Expenses had been paid by the proceeds of the superintendent's practice among foreigners. Naturally, then, when he sailed for home, all income would cease, and to many the closing of the valuable institution seemed inevitable.

But not to Hudson Taylor. He argued that God would take care of the work. To the objection that funds would be needed long before he could make known to friends in England the needs of the institution, he replied that God could make them know at once. So the resolution was made.

"After waiting upon the Lord for guidance," wrote the man of prayer, "I felt constrained to undertake not only the dispensary but the hospital as well, relying solely on the faithfulness of a prayer-hearing God to furnish means for its support."

The story of what followed is told by Dr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor.[1]

[1] In "The Growth of the Soul."

"The first step taken by the young missionary upon assuming independent charge of the hospital was to call together the assistants and explain the real state of affairs. Dr. Parker, as he told them, had left funds in hand for the expenses of the current month, but little more. After this provision was used up they must look to the Lord directly for supplies, and it would not be possible to guarantee stated salaries, because, whatever happened, he would not go into debt. Under these circumstances, any who wished to do so were at liberty to seek other employment, though he would be glad of their continued service if they were prepared to trust the simple promises of God.

"This condition of things, as Mr. Taylor had expected, led all who were not decided Christians to withdraw and opened the way for other workers. It was a change Dr. Parker had long desired to make, only he had not known how to obtain helpers of a different sort. But Mr. Taylor did; and with a greatly lightened heart he turned to the little circle that at this critical juncture did not fail him. For to the (native) Bridge Street Christian it seemed quite as natural to trust the Lord for temporal as for spiritual things. Did not the greater include the less? And was he not, as their teacher so often reminded them, a real Father, who never could forget his children's needs? So to the hospital they came, glad not only to strengthen the hands of their missionary friends, but to prove afresh, both to themselves and all around, the loving-kindness of God.

"Some worked in one way and some in another; some giving freely what time they could spare, and

others giving their whole time without promise of wages, though receiving their support. And all took the hospital and its concerns upon the heart in prayer.

"No wonder a new atmosphere began to permeate dispensary and wards! Account for it the patients could not—at any rate at first—but they enjoyed none the less the happy, homelike feeling, and the zest with which everything was carried on. The days were full of a new interest. For the attendants seemed to possess the secret of perpetual happiness and had so much to impart! Not only were they kind and considerate in the work of the wards, but all their spare time was given to telling of One who had transformed life for them, and who they said was ready to receive all who came to him for rest. . . .

"There are few secrets in China, and the financial basis upon which the hospital was now run was not one of them. Soon the patients knew all about it, and were watching eagerly for the outcome. This, too, was something to think and talk about, and, as the money left by Dr. Parker was used up and Hudson Taylor's own supplies were low, many were the conjectures as to what would happen. Needless to say that both alone and with his little band of helpers Hudson Taylor was much in prayer at this time. It was perhaps a more open and in that sense a crucial test than any that had yet come to him, and he realized that the faith of not a few was at stake as well as the continuance of the hospital work. But day after day went by without bringing the expected answer.

"At length one morning, Kuei-hea, the cook, appeared with serious news for his master. The very

last bag of rice had been opened, and was disappearing rapidly.

" 'Then,' replied Hudson Taylor, 'the Lord's time for helping us must be close at hand.'

"And so it proved. For before that bag of rice was finished a letter reached the young missionary that was among the most remarkable he ever received.

"It . . . contained a check for fifty pounds. . . . The letter said that a heavy burden had come upon the writer, the burden of wealth to use for God. The writer's father had recently passed away, leaving him a considerable increase of fortune. The son did not wish to enlarge his personal expenditure. He had had enough before, and was now praying to be guided as to the Lord's purpose. Could his friends in China help him? The bill enclosed was for immediate needs and would they write fully, after praying over the matter, if there were ways in which they could profitably use more!

"Fifty pounds! There it lay on the table; and his far-off friend, knowing nothing about that last bag of rice, or the many needs of the hospital, actually asked if he might send them more! No wonder Hudson Taylor was overwhelmed with thankfulness and awe. Suppose he had held back from taking charge of the hospital on account of lack of means, or lack of faith, rather? Lack of faith—with such promises and such a God!"

The story of the prayer and the answer was told to the native Christians in the chapel. "How they listened—those men and women who had known nothing in their lives but blank, empty heathenism!"

"Where's the idol can do anything like that?" was the question upon every lip and heart. "Have they ever delivered us in our trouble, or answered prayer after this sort?"

TEN
WHAT PRAYER COST

LXVII

AN ANSWER TO AN AGONIZING PRAYER

A COMPANY of friends asked S. H. Hadley to tell of the most remarkable conversion in his experience. This is the story he related:

"One night during a meeting at the old Water Street mission in New York City, an old drunkard came in. I found later that he was a college man. He had studied law in the office of Edwin M. Stanton. He had learned to drink at college and the habit grew on him during the war, when he was colonel of a regiment raised by himself. When he came out, a drunkard, he opened a law office, but failed. He went to the oil regions, and failed there. Then he went to New York under an assumed name. Here we found him.

"When he came in his old overcoat was fastened with a nail. He wore no shirt. His trousers were indescribable. His feet were covered with carpet-wrappings. His hair and beard were a foot long.

"He asked for prayers and professed conversion, but the hollowness of his profession was manifest when he demanded to know what I was going to do for him. All the same I gave him lodging and breakfast. But, when he came back the next night, and made the same mock profession, followed by begging, I pointed him to the door.

"My wife saw it and told me I was cruel. I sent her upstairs. When the hour came for family prayers I read the chapter, but had to get her to pray. I couldn't pray. And I couldn't sleep that night. I kept seeing the man whom I had shown the door. For two weeks I could hardly sleep, and I could pray for no one but the old colonel. I felt that if he wasn't saved I'd be lost.

"Two weeks later there was a conference of rescue workers. We prayed for him there. After a while, as we still prayed, the light broke into my heart. I was at peace. I went at once to the mission. The colonel was there. I went up to him and put my arm around him. For six nights he returned. Then he testified, 'I am saved!'

"There was no doubt of it then. He lived a Christian life for six years, and died in triumph."

LXVIII

ONE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER LIST

A FRIEND found it in his Bible—a well-thumbed sheet of paper, scratched and interlined. At first glance it seemed like an everyday list of names. The friend was about to lay it aside when his eye was caught by various notations after many of the names. His face must have betrayed his curiosity, for the owner of the Bible said:

"I'd like to tell you about that paper. It has meant a great deal to me. For months I have been eager for the salvation of certain men whom I meet every day at my work. I wished some one would speak to them. I found it difficult to do so myself. Then I thought I could at least pray for them. At first two or three names were on my mental list of those for whom I prayed. Day after day the list grew longer, and I found it necessary to write down the names.

"One day I spoke to one of the men, and urged him to become a Christian. Somehow praying had made it easier to speak to him. When I had spoken to one, it was still easier to speak to another. The letter 'C' opposite some of the names tells of one or more talks about Christ with the owners. That word 'In' written after a few of the names means that they are now to be found on the roll of a church where they have confessed Christ before men. I have erased them, you

see; they have been transferred to another prayer-list. The letter 'M' is written after the name of one who has moved from town. I never spoke to him. I do not know where a letter will reach him. I have missed my opportunity in his case. But I can still pray for him.

"Now you know why I say that list means a great deal to me. The thought of it is an encouragement to personal effort for souls. It is a warning against failure to take advantage of present opportunities. It is a witness to the trustworthiness of him who said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

The friend looked at the list again, then he noted several things. There were forty-seven names. Opposite twenty-nine was written the letter which indicated the giving of a personal invitation to accept Christ. Nine names were erased; they were marked "In." Personal work had been done with every one of the nine. Later he learned that seven of the nine had entered the church on one day, when ten in all were received to membership. Four of the seven had long been looked upon as very far from the Kingdom, and great was the surprise and rejoicing at their conversion. Perhaps no one was more surprised than the pastor of the church.

LXIX

HOW A JEW FOUND CHRIST

"JESUS is the only key to the problem of my life." Such a testimony would not be startling coming from the lips of one who had spent his days among earnest Christian people. But Benjamin Osteroff, who spoke these words in a church in Philadelphia, was brought up according to the strict rules of the Jewish faith, and his earnest testimony to the saving and transforming power of Jesus Christ profoundly moved those who heard him.

The religious earnestness of Mr. Osteroff was remarked by his friends of the village in the province of Kiev, Russia, where he spent his boyhood. He was zealous for the law of Moses as interpreted and emphasized by the rabbis. He was told that salvation lay in observing the hundreds of minute ceremonials, prohibitions, and commands laid down in the Talmud. He longed to find the way to God, but was unable to rest in the things he had been taught.

As a boy he was beaten and otherwise abused by boys who belonged to the *Goi* or Christian churches. They were told that thus they served God. Many times he looked on in fear and terror as the parents of these boys killed some of the Jews, or visited upon them what was worse than death. They knew that it was vain to appeal for protection to the police, so they

bore their sufferings in silence, waiting for the deliverance that they believed would be theirs when the promised Messiah should come.

For a time deliverance from persecution came, when young Osteroff was summoned to military service. For many reasons he was glad to turn his back on his native village and go with the army of the Czar for the campaign against the Japanese. But in Manchuria he was not free from annoyance. Fellow soldiers made life miserable for him. He had learned to be quiet in the presence of his oppressors, but his quietness enraged his comrades, and they redoubled their efforts.

At last came the close of the war and the end of the period of enforced military service. He returned to his old home, and was once more among the persecutors who had made his boyhood miserable. Again the longing for deliverance was almost more than he could bear. But it was not of the possibility of deliverance from bodily danger that he thought most earnestly; as never before, he felt the need of deliverance from the evil of his own heart. Groping, praying, trusting in the God of Israel, he hungered and thirsted after righteousness; he sought for his soul's Redeemer and found him not. The conviction of personal sin drove him for relief to the Talmud and the books of Moses and the prophets, and he was sad at heart as he was forced to own that there was no help for him in the religion of his fathers.

One day he stumbled into the cottage of a peasant. He insists that it was not by chance he came there; he knows that God was leading him, in answer to

prayer. To his astonishment he saw a company of men and women kneeling, and heard them offering what he knew to be prayers. Later he learned that these people were Doukhobors, members of the fanatical but earnest Russian sect which has its representatives in Western Canada. He knew that he ought to flee at once, and for several reasons: it was against the law for any one to hold religious service except in the Greek churches; these people were kneeling in the presence of God, and to a Jew this was wrong; and he had been taught that he risked his salvation by lingering in the presence of those who worshiped the despised Jesus.

Yet some power held him where he was. He realized that the kneeling men and women were offering real prayer, though he had never before heard such earnest appeals to God. He was surprised to note that they addressed the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. "They were talking to God as though they were children talking to their Father," he has said, in telling the reason for his wonder. This was a new idea to him, and hunger more keen than ever took possession of him. Eagerly he listened to their petitions. They quoted from the Law, from the Psalms, and from the Prophets. The words had been familiar to him for many years, but as they fell from the lips of these simple worshipers before him they took on new meaning. He was profoundly moved.

He was to be moved still more wonderfully. Some of the kneeling men and women, having heard him as he entered, began to pray earnestly for God's blessing on the stranger who had come among them. As they

prayed the tears rolled down their cheeks. He was amazed to think that any one should care so much for him. To think that he, who had been accustomed all his life to kicks and curses, and worse, should be the object of such intense desire!

At last his heart's longing found expression. Leaning against the table—he dared not fall on his knees among the strange people—he cried:

"O God, if thou dost love me, reveal to me the Saviour of these men and women as my Saviour! Be merciful to me in accordance with thy love!"

Immediately a strange and delightful peace took possession of him, and he knew that all he had been taught about Jesus was a lie; he knew that he was the Son of God; that the Messiah so long expected by the Jews had come; that he who had been despised and rejected was waiting to receive the people who had turned away from him, and were themselves despised and persecuted among their foes.

While the Doukhobors were rejoicing with him because of his readiness to accept the truth which meant so much to them, there was a cry of alarm. The interruption they dreaded had come! The police were upon them. Vainly they sought to escape, but every exit was barred. The entire company was captured and roughly handled by the officers of the "third section," who had discovered the gathering of those who had broken the law of the land by daring to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own conscience. Then they were thrust into jail to await their hearing before the magistrate for the crime they had committed.

After a night in the filthy prison—a night spent in prayer—the prisoners were led into the presence of the official. For some unexplained reason they were dismissed without punishment—all except Osteroff. When the magistrate told him to go he turned to the door, but found that the police were once more waiting for him; they stood in double line, and the path to freedom lay between them. He tried to pass through, and at once realized that he must undergo the fearful ordeal of running the gauntlet. The knout, a knotted rope, fell on his shoulders. He staggered against the officer who stood opposite the wielder of the knout, only to receive a blow from him that would have felled him if another had not driven him on down the line. Blow succeeded blow. His clothes were torn and his skin was broken in many places. He was like a foot-ball kicked and thrown about. The last man gave him a final kick, and he crept away to nurse his wounds and to seek the sympathy of his friends.

But there was no sympathy for him. When it became known why he had been punished, the Jews asked severely:

"What were you doing with the Doukhobors?"

It was his first chance to tell his people of his joy in Jesus. Without hesitation he said:

"God, for Jesus' sake, has forgiven my sins."

Then came buffeting and abuse that was as severe as that already suffered at the hands of the police. The thought that it was from his own people made it harder to bear, until he reminded himself that he was suffering for Christ's sake. Then he forgot his pain.

Painfully he found his way home, but there was no

peace for him there. It was not long till the story of the last twenty-four hours was known to his parents. With execration he was driven from the house which his father said he had dishonored. He turned for refuge to his married brothers, but they refused to receive him. He was an outcast.

If he had known of other Jewish Christians he would have turned to them. But, so far as he knew, he was the only Jew in the world who had proved recreant to the religion of his fathers. At last, however, he heard rumors of the followers of Rabbinowitz, who called themselves the Brethren of Jesus. He was told that their creed was "Jesus our Elder Brother, the Solution of the Jews' Problem." So he went to Kiev, in search of some of these converted Jews.

But his search was interrupted. Again he fell into the hands of the police. Once more he endured tortures in jail, and only after great suffering was he released.

After the prison experience in Kiev he took passage for America. Still he wondered if he was the only Christian Jew in the world; he felt that what he had heard about the Brethren of Jesus was all a mistake. Soon he learned his error, but he wondered how to get in touch with others who had gone through similar experiences.

For four years he toiled for the support of the wife whom he married soon after reaching America, and for their two children. His most satisfactory position —at a large ship-yard in Philadelphia—was closed to him when he was injured by a fall. After a season

of privation he found temporary employment as a presser of cloaks.

While engaged in the clothing establishment he went to church, where he soon asked for baptism. Because he had taken this step his wife threatened to leave him and take with her their two children. But his quiet, affectionate life and his prayers conquered her. Within three weeks she sent word to the pastor of the church that she wished to unite with the church. Her husband's life was an argument she could not answer satisfactorily. "He is a better man, so the religion of Jesus must be worth while," she said.

LXX

THE SEQUEL TO THEIR PRAYER

A PHOTOGRAPH on the walls of a friend's study attracted the attention of a visitor. He asked who were the men whose pictured faces looked so earnestly at him. This is the substance of his friend's answer:

"Some years ago thirty or forty Christian laymen agreed that we would each one make daily prayer for the conversion of the young men of our State, and for the speedy coming of the day when he whose right it is should rule King of kings and Lord of lords.

"We kept in touch with one another by means of letters to a secretary, from which he prepared a weekly bulletin sent to all.

"These bulletins were at first taken up with plans for our prayers and Bible study. Soon they commenced to bear to us the joyful tidings of prayers answered in the conversion of individuals in different parts of the State. Later came word of revivals in many places. Then a bulletin told us that one comrade in our circle had given up his position and had entered the ministry. Soon we learned that another had offered himself as a foreign missionary, and was on his way to China.

"Then we gathered at a forest camp for united prayer and conference. What wonderful days we spent there!

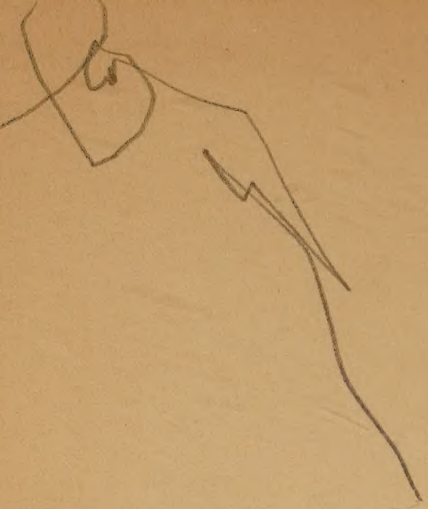
And what prayers were made for the conversion of our young men and the spread of the Kingdom! What earnestness and consecration were manifest on the part of every petitioner!

"Those prayers were speedily answered, though not as we had planned. They were answered in part, at least, as we might have anticipated, when those first men offered themselves for the work of Christ at home and abroad.

"That picture at which you are looking was taken during the days of our conference in the forest. We can never again form a group before the camera. We are too widely separated for that. A—, who is seated there in the foreground, is now a missionary in Mexico; B—, at his right, is among the natives of West Africa; C— is preaching the gospel to the Navajos; D— is a home missionary in Oklahoma; E— is a minister in Kansas, preaching to the young men for whom he prayed years ago; F— is in Japan; G— is in South America."

Other names and locations were mentioned, until the visitor realized that something like half of the men who made up that company had gone out into the Master's vineyard as ordained or lay workers; and at the time of the conference most of them were engaged in what they thought was to be their lifework.

The visitor replaced the photograph with a hand which trembled as he thought of those earnest men whose prayers for others had thrust them out to be used as God's instruments in bringing the answers to their own petitions. He had received a lesson in the cost of prayer.

Christians may think it an easy matter to do the Master's bidding in praying that the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into his harvest. Some think they rid themselves of responsibility in the premises, when, once or twice each day, they say to God, "Thy kingdom come." On the contrary, the Christian who pleads "Thy kingdom come" in the spirit desired by him who taught the petition is thereby consecrating to God's service his whole life, to be used as he sees best in the spread of that Kingdom. And the follower of Jesus who, from the heart, asks that laborers be sent forth to gather the harvest of souls, must be willing to be himself thrust out—if God wants him.

All real prayer costs. The Saviour's prayers cost him strong crying and tears and great drops of blood. They led him to Calvary and the tomb. Where do your prayers lead you? What do they cost you?